

The Sketch.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,
AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.



GORDON HOTELS AT THE SEASIDE

Perfection in Comfort and Cuisine.

**METROPOLE, FOLKESTONE.
CLIFTONVILLE, MARGATE.
GRAND, BROADSTAIRS.
BURLINGTON, EASTBOURNE.
ROYAL PIER, RYDE.**

JOHN HAIG



WHISKIES.

By Special Appointment

THE OLDEST DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD.
JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD. MARKINCH, SCOTLAND
Can be obtained from London Stores:

Brands:
"GLENLEVEN"
"LIQUEUR"
GOLD LABEL.
"SPECIAL
RESERVE"
PINCHED
DECANTER.

Army & Navy,
Victoria Street, S.W.
John Barker's,
High St., Kensington, W.
Harrod's,
Brompton Road, S.W.
Junior Army & Navy,
Regent Street, W.

Shoolbred's,
Tottenham Court Rd., W.
Whiteley's,
Westbourne Grove, W.
**The Civil Service Co-
operative Society, Ltd.,**
Haymarket.

BASSANO, LTD.,

Royal Photographers,

**25, OLD BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.**

By Special Appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Photographers to HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

DAY AND ELECTRIC LIGHT STUDIOS.

LATEST SPECIALITIES: "THE PEARL PASTEL" and
"THE COURT PENCIL DRAWINGS"

*Both these productions are eminently suitable for Ladies and Gentlemen
in Court Dress.*

PRICE LIST SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

Telephone No.: 1552 Gerrard.

Telegraphic Address: "Portraiture."

"THE QUEEN
OF
Apollinaris
TABLE WATERS."

ALL malt & ALL Ten years old.

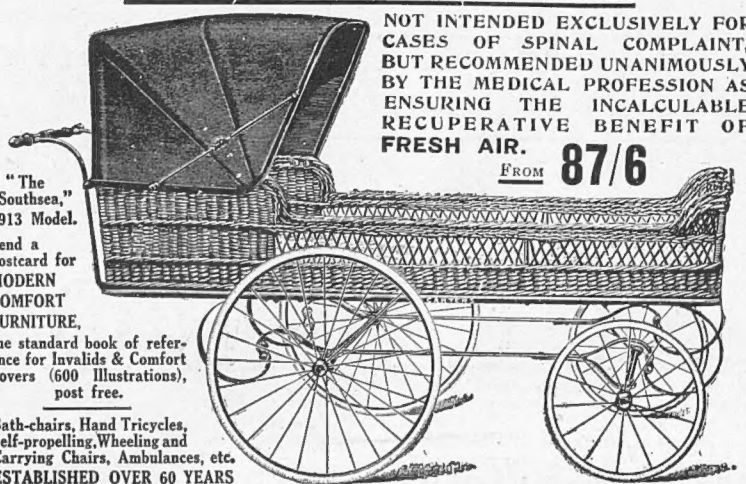
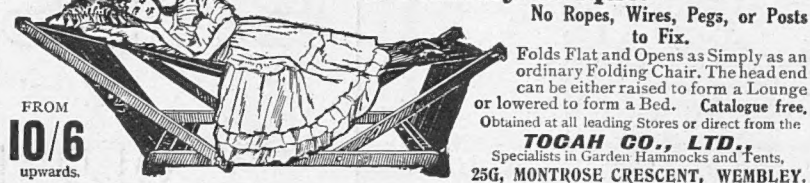
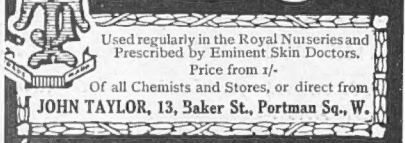
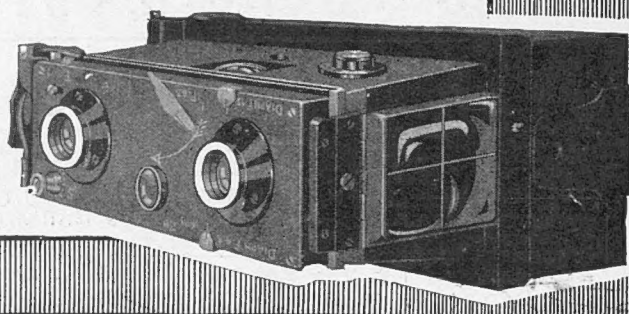


By Appointment to
His Majesty
King George V.

SPEY-ROYAL

Gilbey's World-renowned

Whisky



For Breakfast & after Dinner.

HYGIENIC & PREPARED WITH
PURE & HARMLESS MATERIALS
* AT ALL *
PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS &

WHOLESALE ONLY OF R. HOVENHOF & SONS LTD LONDON

The Sketch

No. 1073.—Vol. LXXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1913.

SIXPENCE.

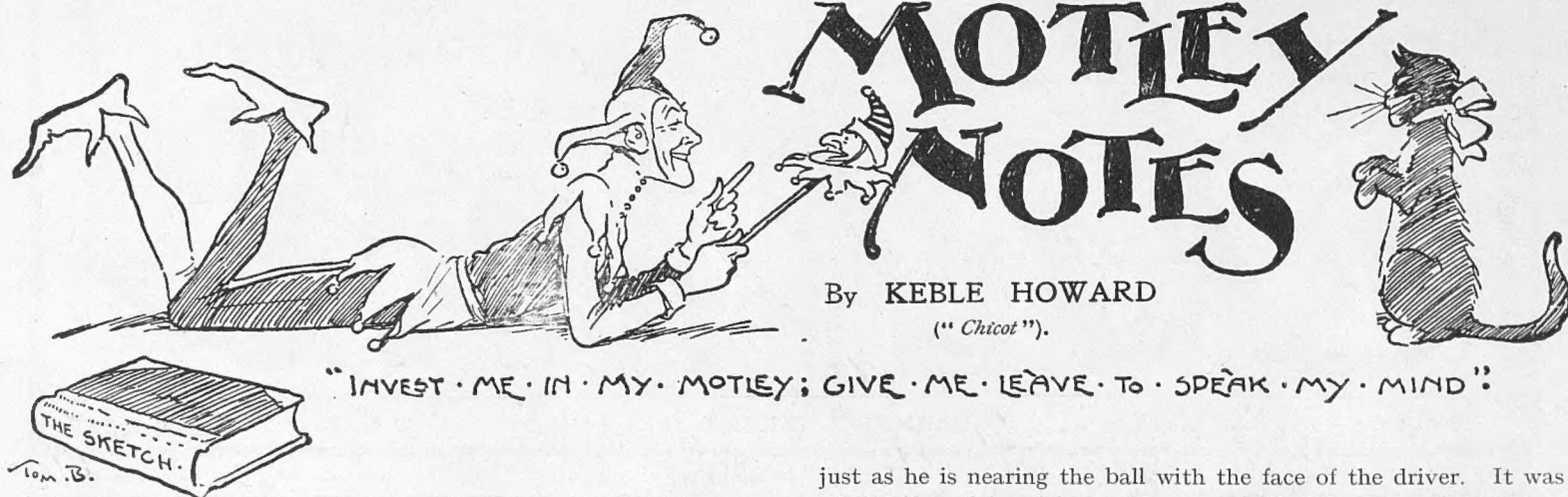


WHO WILL FOLLOW HER? Mlle. POLAIRE NOSE-RINGED, AND SO STARTING A FAD WHICH IS SCARCELY LIKELY TO BECOME A FASHION.

Mlle. Polaire, of the fourteen-inch waist and the bizarre personality, has taken unto herself a new decorative fad which will certainly rejoice the hearts of the Press-agents and the Press-men of the Other Side and make them burst into head-lines in the

largest type, when she introduces it into the United States during her forthcoming visit. In a word, as our photograph shows, she has adopted the nose-ring! It will be noticed, however, not without relief, that the nose has not to be pierced.

Photograph by Talbot.



Beef Tea Drunkards.

A terrible story of depravity comes from Liverpool. A Liverpool man has exhibited symptoms of alcoholic poisoning, and his medical adviser declares that the symptoms are caused through drinking immoderate quantities of beef tea. Great numbers of people, I fear, are addicted to this shocking habit. I knew a man, some years ago, whose craving for beef tea was terrible to witness. He used to have it at eleven o'clock in the morning—the worst time, of course—and again in the afternoon instead of China tea. Then he would take a third cup after dinner, and another huge cup just before going to bed.

His wife, poor soul, did her best to break him of it, but all to no purpose. "I know it's very bad for me," he used to say, with a melancholy shake of the head, "but I must have it, my dear. Make it nice and strong, and put some little bits of toast in it, there's a darling!"

"Wouldn't anything else do instead, Arthur?" she would plead. "Couldn't you fancy a nice stiff whisky-and-soda? That's what Mr. Robinson has, and I'm sure he's got quite to like it! Do try! Just to please me, now!"

So he would try, just to please her. She would mix the whisky-and-soda, and place it on a little table at his elbow. It would remain untouched. He said the very sight of alcohol upset him. In the end, his wife would give way and make him some beef tea. The awful glint in his eye when he caught sight of the little tray with the cloth on it, and the salt-cellar, and the pepper-caster, and the little fingers of dry toast told its own tale. Poor fellow! Poor, poor fellow!

The Doctor Speaks. A London doctor has been interviewed on the subject.

"The Liverpool man's experience," he said, "should do good. It has drawn attention to the beef tea habit. The most common symptom? Excitement. Many teetotallers are very excitable."

I have more than once made the same remark in these Notes. I have pointed out that the people who talk most, who organise insurrections, who endeavour to turn the whole social fabric topsy-turvy, are almost invariably teetotallers. The chief value of alcohol, of course, is that it prevents the brain from working too fast. If children drank more, for instance, they would not ask so many impossible questions. Young mothers have been chided for teaching their children to drink beer. They did it with the best intentions, poor things. Something told them, uneducated though they were, that the little one must not let its brains get the better of it. Life is one long fight between the activity of the brain and the body. Most of us manage to keep our brains well under control, but the luckless teetotallers constantly exhibit every sign of cerebral excitement. If they had only been taught to swallow beer by the quart when they were young, the course of civilisation would be far more placid.

Well, once again the warning has come—this time from Liverpool. Let us hope that it will lead to a Society for the Stamping Out of the Beef Tea Habit. There is a very pathetic song—I think the great Albert Chevalier used to sing it, and may still be singing it—called "Blue Ribbon Jane." Thousands of copies of this song should be distributed throughout the length and breadth of the land—especially in Liverpool.

Etiquette of the Caddie.

A few evenings ago, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I found an interesting article on the etiquette of the golf course. The writer told us that we must not tee up our ball whilst the other fellow was preparing to drive, and that we must not remind him that he owes us a shilling

just as he is nearing the ball with the face of the driver. It was a good and useful article, and one that will, I hope, go right home to some people we all know.

I wish the same writer would draw up a list of rules for caddies, and get them put about the exteriors of the clubs. Being quite new to the game, I am peculiarly sensitive to the looks and remarks of the urchins who are waiting around in the hope of carrying some more proficient member's bag. I would willingly hire one of them myself, but I cannot tolerate the thought of having those critical eyes on me all the way round the course. It is bad enough to run the gauntlet of the caddie whilst one is on the first tee. For that reason alone, in point of fact, I find it very difficult to get away from the first tee. I often feel inclined to pick the ball up and throw it a little way in the direction of the first hole in order that I may have some excuse for using my iron. Whilst I am fidgeting about, I hear all sorts of remarks passed upon my last performance on the links. "I ain't takin' no risks," said a small wretch the other day, and he laboriously climbed a stile and secreted himself behind a hedge until I had driven off. That sort of thing is unsettling for the new player.

This, if I may venture to suggest it, is the sort of thing that should be exhibited, on a nice card, wherever caddies do congregate—

RULES OF ETIQUETTE FOR CADDIES.

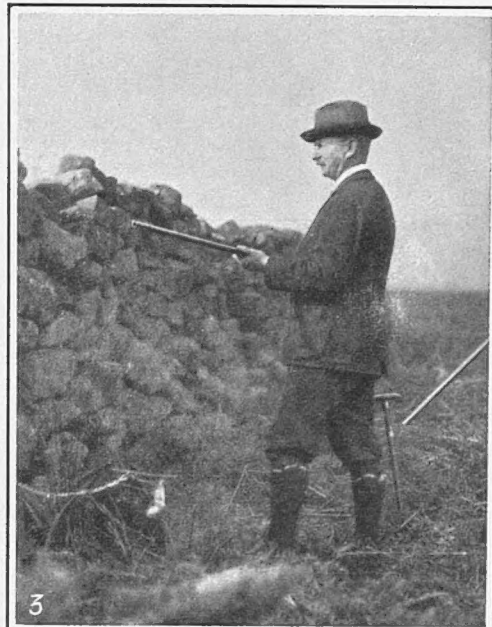
1. Most people, no doubt, are born on a golf course. Bear in mind, however, that there are some to whom this privilege was denied.
2. It is quite permissible to discuss the appearance of members amongst yourselves, also their style of play, but these discussions should be carried on in a reasonably low tone of voice.
3. Nobody wishes to deprive you of the natural pleasure of punching each other, pinching each other, and jumping on each other, but it is as well to restrain your transports for one second when a member is about to drive.
4. The beginner is a fair subject for merriment, but even the beginner has feelings. Both the low chuckle and the snort of contempt are hard to bear. Even you had your early days.
5. Try to refrain from nudging each other in the ribs as the confirmed foozler comes round the corner towards the links. He knows he is an ass, but his doctor has ordered him to play golf, and play it he must.
6. It is good to take a short nap behind the bunker when your employer is preparing to drive, but every third ball or so should be watched in its flight in case it gets lost. New balls cost rather more than the professional gives for them at the end of the day.

I beg to commend these humble suggestions to the attention of my colleague, Mr. Henry Leach.

No Pulling.

I have a suggestion—another suggestion!—to put before the numerous gentlemen who are concerned with the morality of the Turf. To ensure perfect fairness in every race, would it not be possible—I speak quite as a child in these matters—to allow the horses to race without jockeys on their backs? I have always understood that the horse knows he is racing, and thoroughly enjoys the race. He wants to win. Do away with the jockey, then, and each horse will run purely on his merits. To prevent boring, each horse would have his own alley-way, so to speak—a straight portion railed off. The starts would be just as fair as they are now, I should imagine, and there would be an end of all these horrid hints. We should select our horse, friend the reader, and feel quite sure that the animal would do his level best to win. If you happen to be a member of the Jockey Club, you might just call their attention to my idea. I ask no credit for it.

THE SHOOTING - SNAPSHOT SEASON HAS BEGUN!



1. LORD FURNESS.

2. THE RT. HON. J. A. PEASE, P.C., M.P.

3. MR. J. E. ROGERSON, D.L., J.P., M.F.H.

4. A LUNCHEON PARTY GROUP—INCLUDING LORD AND LADY FURNESS, MAJOR AND MRS. MILES STAPYLTON, MR. W. S. BUCKMASTER, MR. MASON, MR. E. B. HORLICK, MR. J. A. PEASE, AND MR. J. E. ROGERSON.

5. MR. E. B. HORLICK, LORD AND LADY FURNESS, AND MR. W. S. BUCKMASTER.

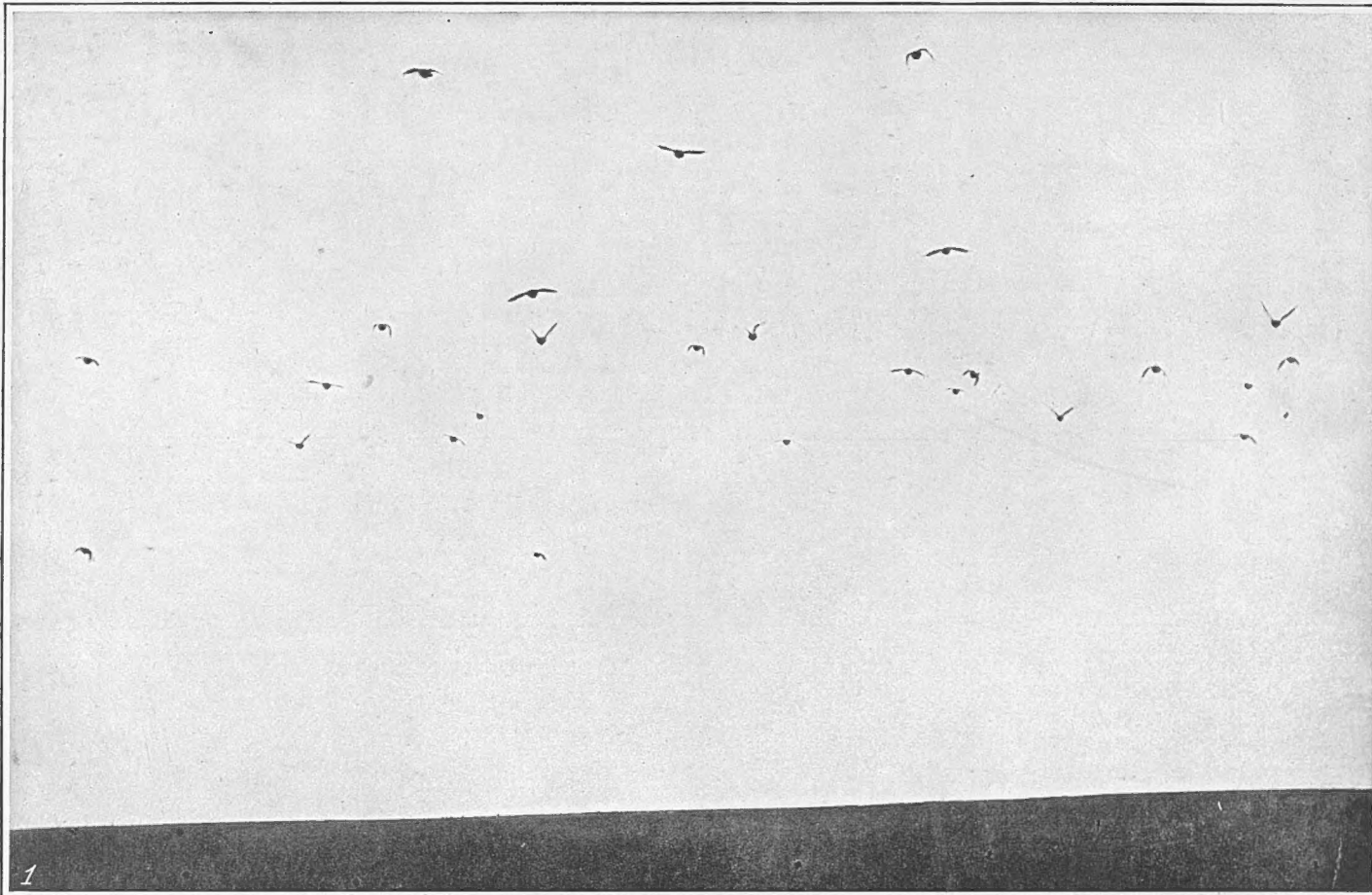
6. LADY FURNESS AND MAJOR AND MRS. MILES STAPYLTON.

Marmaduke Furness, the second Baron, who succeeded to the title last year, was born in October 1883. In 1904, he married Daisy, daughter of G. J. H. Hogg, of Seaton Carew, Co. Durham.—Mr. Pease, who is M.P. for the Rotherham Division, became President of the Board of Education in 1911. He has also been Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. His recreations, given in "Who's Who," are: "Member of Cambridge University Football Team, 1878; Member of Cambridge University Polo

Team, 1880-81; Master of Cambridge University Drag Hounds, 1880-81; Master of own pack of beagles, 1881-86; Member of Lord Zetland's and Cleveland Hounds; Captain of Durham County Cricket Club, 1884-90; Member of M.C.C.; New Zealand, Prince's, Mitcham, Sandwich, Seaton, and Darlington Golf Clubs; cycling, fishing, shooting, etc."—Mr. Rogerson has been M.F.H. of the North Durham since 1868. The photographs were taken on the 12th, at Lord Furness's shoot over the Eavestone Moors, near Ripon.

Photographs by Sport and General.

FASHIONABLE THANKS TO A TITLED NOVELIST: GROUSE-SHOOTING.



1. THE BIRD: DRIVEN GROUSE COMING UP TO THE BUTTS, SHOWING THE GREAT VARIETY OF THEIR FLIGHT.

2. THE GUN: IN HIS BUTT—SIR ALGERNON LEGARD, BT.

Now that grouse-shooting has well begun, it is of more than usual interest to recall that the sport first became fashionable thanks to the "invention" of the Highlands by Sir Walter Scott. And it is amusing to note, also, as the "Pall Mall Gazette" reminded us the other day, that "apparently the first member of our Royal Family

to shoot grouse was Prince Charlie when he took to the 'heather' after Culloden. . . . The Young Pretender was most admired by his Highland followers for his skill in shooting grouse on the wing. It was rather a novelty to them, and must have been a rather difficult feat with the old flint-lock fowling-piece."

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

"IN FULL TRANSLUCENCY": THE X-RAY SKIRT.



IN A REALLY DIAPHANOUS GOWN: A BATH BEACH GIRL IN THE FROCK WHICH CAUSED A SENSATION AT CONEY ISLAND, U.S.A.

Under such headings as "X-Ray Gown Starts a Riot" and "Paris-Made in Full Translucency Displayed on Boardwalk at Luna by a Bath Beach Girl" (named), an American newspaper has a descriptive article from which we cull the following: "The arrival of the diaphanous Parisian gown in its full translucency at Coney Island yesterday afternoon caused so much excitement that Surf Avenue became blockaded, the police had to restore order, and the wearer had to take flight in a

taxicab. This lady appeared in Luna Park in one of the latest X-Ray creations from France. When she entered Henderson's Restaurant a mob besieged the doors. When she left, the throng was almost impenetrable. She called a taxi and sped to her home in Bath Beach. There were hundreds of diaphanous gowns along the highways of Coney and the boardwalk of Brighton Beach, but none like hers. The new style has evidently arrived."—[Photographs by International News Service.]

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15. Mr. George Edwardes' New Production,
THE GIRL ON THE FILM. A Musical Farce. Box-office (J. H. Jubbs) 10 to 10.

EMPIRE. Bright and Brilliant Revue.
ALL THE WINNERS
Up-to-date Events on the Bioscope, and Selected Varieties.
Evenings at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY.—"COME OVER HERE." The Great Revue. The most Brilliant and Amusing Production in London. Every Evening, at 8. Special Matinees, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, at 2. Prices, 3 Guineas to 1s. One Thousand Unreserved Seats. Tele.: 6840 Holborn.

PALLADIUM, Argyll Street, W. CHARLES GULLIVER.
MANAGING DIRECTOR. Always the best entertainment in London. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Admission from 6d. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £2 1s. Harry Lauder, Little Tich, Jack and Evelyn, Ed and Jack Smith, Manuel de Fra, Varieties, etc.

IMPERIAL SERVICES EXHIBITION
EARL'S COURT.
THE GREAT SPECTACLE "NAVAL AND AERIAL WARFARE"
daily in the flooded Empress Hall at 3.15, 7, and 9.15.
Full-size Cruiser "Lion" on the Lake. Entrenched Camp and Major Richardson's Dogs.
Navies of the World. Military Tableaux. Scott Antarctic Relics, and an endless array of Exhibits, Attractions, and Amusements.
BEST MILITARY BANDS AND EXCELLENT RESTAURANTS.
Admission 1s. (Children Half-Price). Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

DUBLIN HOTEL METROPOLE, SACKVILLE STREET.
(next General Post Office). Convenient for Railways, Steamers, and Amusements. The most Modern and Luxurious. Passenger Lift. Electric Light, Sanitation officially certified. High-class restaurant attached. Moderate Tariff. Descriptive matter on application to the Manager.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.
NOTICE.
MEMBERS of the STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue Circulars or Business Communications to persons other than their own Principals. Persons who advertise as Brokers or Share Dealers are Not Members of the Stock Exchange, or in any way under the control of the Committee. Members issuing Contract Notes are required to use such a form as will provide that the words "Member of the Stock Exchange, London," shall immediately follow the signature.
A List of Members of the Stock Exchange who are Stock and Share Brokers may be seen at the Bartholomew Lane entrance to the Bank of England, or obtained on application to EDWARD SATTERTHWAITE, Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange, Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, send your films to Martin.
EXPERTS IN DEVELOPING. NO WAITING. RETURNED NEXT DAY.
Any size, 1s. 12 exposures. 6d. for 6.
CAMERAS BOUGHT FOR CASH OR EXCHANGED. LIST FREE.
MARTIN, CHEMIST, SOUTHAMPTON.

HARWICH ROUTE TO THE CONTINENT.
BRITISH ROYAL MAIL ROUTE. DAILY, via THE HOOK OF HOLLAND
TURBINE STEAMERS.
QUICKEST SERVICE TO HOLLAND.
London (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.30 p.m.
THROUGH CARRIAGES and Restaurant Cars to and from the Hook of Holland.
Harwich-Antwerp ROUTE for

THE GHENT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
Return Tickets at Reduced Fares, available via **Brussels**, 1st class, 47/2; 2nd class, 28/8. SPA, and The BELGIAN ARDENNES, every Week-day. Twin Screw Steamers.
London, (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.40 p.m. The London-Hook of Holland, and London-Antwerp Continental Express Trains consist of Corridor Carriages with Dining and Breakfast Cars; no supplementary charge for seats.
Wireless Telegraphy and Submarine Signalling on the Great Eastern Railway steamers.
DENMARK, via Esbjerg. Improved service by the Danish Royal Mail Steamers of the Forene Line of Copenhagen, four times per week.
HAMBURG twice weekly by G.S.N. Co.'s steamers, fitted with Submarine Signalling.
SWEDEN via Gothenburg. Express Service every Saturday by the Swedish Royal Mail Steamers (fitted with Wireless Telegraphy) of the Thule Line of Gothenburg.
Read "HOLIDAYS ABROAD" (free).
Particulars at 12a, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Traffic Manager, Great Eastern Railway, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

IMPROVED SERVICE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY, via Harwich and Esbjerg.
The Danish Royal Mail Steamers of the Forene Line of Copenhagen sail from HARWICH (Parkston Quay) for ESBJERG every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday night, returning from Esbjerg every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday evening.
Sea voyage about 22 hours.
Return Fares: Esbjerg, 71s. 4d.; Copenhagen, 98s. 5d.
The service will be performed by the new s.s. "A. P. Bernstorff," s.s. "J. C. La Cour," s.s. "N. J. Fjord," and s.s. "Primula," or other Steamer. These fast Steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers.
For further information address the United Shipping Company, Ltd., 108, Fenchurch Street, London, or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

HAMBURG every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.—In connection with the Great Eastern Railway, via Harwich. By the General Steam Navigation Company's Fast Passenger Steamers "PEREGRINE" and "HIRONDELLE," fitted with Submarine Signalling.
Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m. Corridor Restaurant Car Train.
First Class, Single, 44s. 0d.; Return, 66s. 0d.
Second Class, Single, 30s. 0d.; Return, 45s. 0d.
Details of the G.S.N. Company, 15, Trinity Square, E.C.; or of the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

CANADIAN NORTHERN STEAMSHIPS
Visitors to Canada, and Canadians, returning home, should travel by the
PALATIAL ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.
R.M.S. Royal Edward, Aug. 23; Sept. 20 } From
R.M.S. Royal George, Sept. 6; Oct. 4 } Bristol.
Unexcelled Saloon Accommodation still available.
FASTEST TO CANADA.
For Illustrated Handbook, &c., apply General Passenger Dept., 21, Charing Cross, S.W., 27, Leadenhall St., E.C., or Local Agents.

POLICE DOGS.
Major Richardson's **AIREDALES**, as supplied Admiralty, Home, Colonial, and Continental Police, best companions for house-protection, inside or outside, long walks, etc., from 4 gns.; Pups, 2 gns. Also **BLOODHOUNDS**, Pups, 7 gns.; Adults, 20 gns.; and Rough and Smooth **FOX TERRIERS**, **SCOTCH TERRIERS**, 4 gns.; Pups, gns. Grovend, Harrow. Tel. 423.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MURRAY.
The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley, 1818-1873.
Edited by Richard Edgcumbe. 10s. 6d. net.

METHUEN.
Crowds. Gerald Stanley Lee. 6s.
Capture at Sea. Earl Loreburn. 2s. 6d. net.
The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu. Sax Rohmer. 6s.

Swirling Waters. Max Rittenberg. 6s.
Sandy Married. Dorothea Conyers. 6s.
Oscar Wilde. Arthur Ransome. 1s. net.
Portuguese Slavery: Britain's Dilemma. John H. Harris. 1s. net.
That Which Was Written. Sybil Cormack Smith. 6s.

LONG.
A South African Heiress. Mrs. T. M. Wakeford. 6s.
The Little Maister. B. H. Forster. 6s.
Looms of Silence. Adele Warren. 2s. 6d. net.
Fire Fantasies. Blanche Adelaide Brock. 2s. 6d. net.

Travels in the Pyrenees. V. C. Scott O'Connor. 10s. 6d. net.
His American Wife. George H. Jessop. 6s.
Wanderings and Wooings East of Suez. E. B. Redwood. 6s.
The Price of Possession. By the Author of "Improper Prue." 1s. net.
The Vision of the Years. Curtis Yorke. 6s.
Cross-Roads. D. H. Dennis. 6s.

DRANE.
Sunlight. By the Author of "Twilight" and "Lamplight." 1s.
Cynthia: A Suffragette; and In the Muffled Moonlight. E. Newmarch. 1s.
The Sacrifice. Gustav French. 1s.
The Diamond Lady. Countess Berita de Montalvo. 3s. 6d.
Sleeping Beauty of the Woods, and Other Plays. Gertrude B. Simpson. 1s.
Some Arrows. Verax. 1s.
My Lady of Lavender. R. B. Fleming. 1s.
A Lost Soul, and Other Tales. J. C. Cotes. 3s. 6d.
Love and the Woman of To-morrow. Almon Hemsley. 6s.

MACMILLAN.
A Prisoner in Fairyland. Algernon Blackwood. 6s.
The Inside of the Cup. Winston Churchill. 6s.
University and Historical Addresses. James Bryce. 8s. 6d. net.

FISHER UNWIN.
Society Politics and Diplomacy, 1820-1864. Francis W. H. Cavendish. 15s. net.

GRANT RICHARDS.
With the Fleet. Filson Young. 1s. net.
Fire and Wine. John Gould Fletcher. 2s. 6d. net.
The Dragon. M. P. Shiel. 6s.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

ENGLAND'S SUNNY SOUTH.

BRIGHTON
SEAFOUR
EASTBOURNE
REXHILL
ST. LEONARDS
HASTINGS
WORTHING
LITTLEHAMPTON
BOGNOR
HAYLING ISLAND
PORTSMOUTH
SOUTHSEA

"SUNNY SOUTH SPECIAL," Week-days via L.N.W.R., leaves Liverpool 11 a.m., Manchester 11.20 a.m., Birmingham 1 p.m., Leamington 1.3 p.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 3.35 p.m., due at Brighton at 5.5 p.m., Eastbourne 6 p.m.

BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES. TWICE DAILY. THE "SOUTHERN BELLE," Pullman Express, leaves Victoria, Week-days, at 11 a.m., and 3.10 p.m. Sundays 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Leaves Brighton 12.20 p.m. and 5.45 p.m. on Week-days, and 5 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. on Sundays. Single Ticket, 9s. 6d.; Day Return Ticket, 12s.

Improved Summer Train Services, London to Brighton, Eastbourne, Worthing, Bognor, Portsmouth, etc.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE	VENTNOR	Through Tickets issued and Luggage Registered throughout.
COWES	FRESHWATER	
SANDOWN	ST. HELENS	The Trains run alongside the Steamers at Portsmouth and Ryde, thereby enabling Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.
SHANKLIN	BEMBRIDGE	

Via NEWHAVEN and DIEPPE to all parts of the Continent.
Programme of Details of Services, Cheap Excursions for the day, week-end, and 8 or 15 days, post free. Details of Superintendent of the Line, L. B. & S. C. R., London Bridge.

DRINK CHINA TEA

WHY SUFFER FROM INDIGESTION WHEN ONE OF THE MOST POTENT CAUSES CAN BE REMOVED BY DRINKING CHINA TEA INSTEAD OF THE ASTRINGENT PRODUCE OF THE TROPICS?

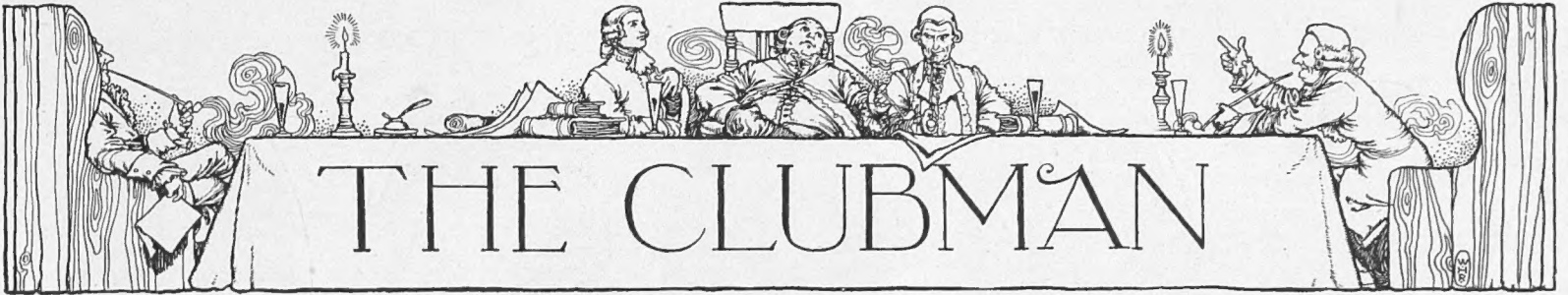
If you cannot get a China Tea that suits you, please apply to The China Tea Association, 98, Great Tower Street, London, E.C., who will give the name of a local dealer who specialises in China Tea.

DRINK CHINA TEA.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND	CANADA.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 19s. 3d.	Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
Six Months, 12s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.	Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.	Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD.	
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.	Twelve Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.	

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.



WHY DO PEOPLE GO TO FOREIGN WATERING-PLACES? HINTS TO BRITISH RESORTS FROM LE TOUQUET.

In Picardy.

I am taking a lazy holiday in Picardy amusing myself by watching all the little happenings in a summer town by the sea, and far more interested as to which ch  let is to win the object of art for the flowers in its balcony than I am as to whether Bulgaria is to keep or lose Kavalla. The sand-castles that the children build on the dry land with avenues of sprigs of pine leading to the principal entrances, white shells as windows, and little bits of tubing as guns, command my attention far more than the Danubian fortresses, and, if pressed for an opinion as to whether the Greeks or the Italians should be awarded the   gean Islands, I would very respectfully suggest that they should toss for them.

A Battle of Flowers.

A dog show and a battle of flowers are the two functions that at the present time I have in mind, for the dog show is in progress in the gardens of the Casino—the exhibits giving tongue at intervals; and yesterday I was one of the thousands of spectators—mostly country folk—who lined the streets of the little town and clustered about the Casino to see the decorated cars and carriages and bicycles and perambulators go in procession, and to watch the battle of flowers take place before the banners were presented. But flowers in the North do not grow in such abundance as they do on the Riviera, and though some of the girls from the farms near by had brought in baskets of blooms to sell to the spectators, the lookers-on were unwilling to waste expensive ammunition, and mostly contented themselves by picking up and returning the flowers thrown from the cars and carriages.

Our Actresses.

It must be rather trying on such an occasion to be an actress, for these ladies are expected to be very pretty and very well-dressed and to ride in very elaborately decorated vehicles. The two actresses who drove in the Le Touquet battle of flowers—for it is of Le Touquet and Paris-Plage that I am writing, both fulfilled all the requirements: their victorias were baskets of blooms, the coachmen were in grey coats and grey hats, and had elaborate button-holes, and there could be no two opinions as to the beauty of the ladies, who carried bouquets matching the decorations of their carriages. The sensational car in the procession was a model of one of the twin lighthouses which warn big ships away from this coast and guide the fishing-boats home to their harbourage at Etaples,

a mile inland on the Canche. The model was entirely built of white flowers.

A Little Pony-Cart.

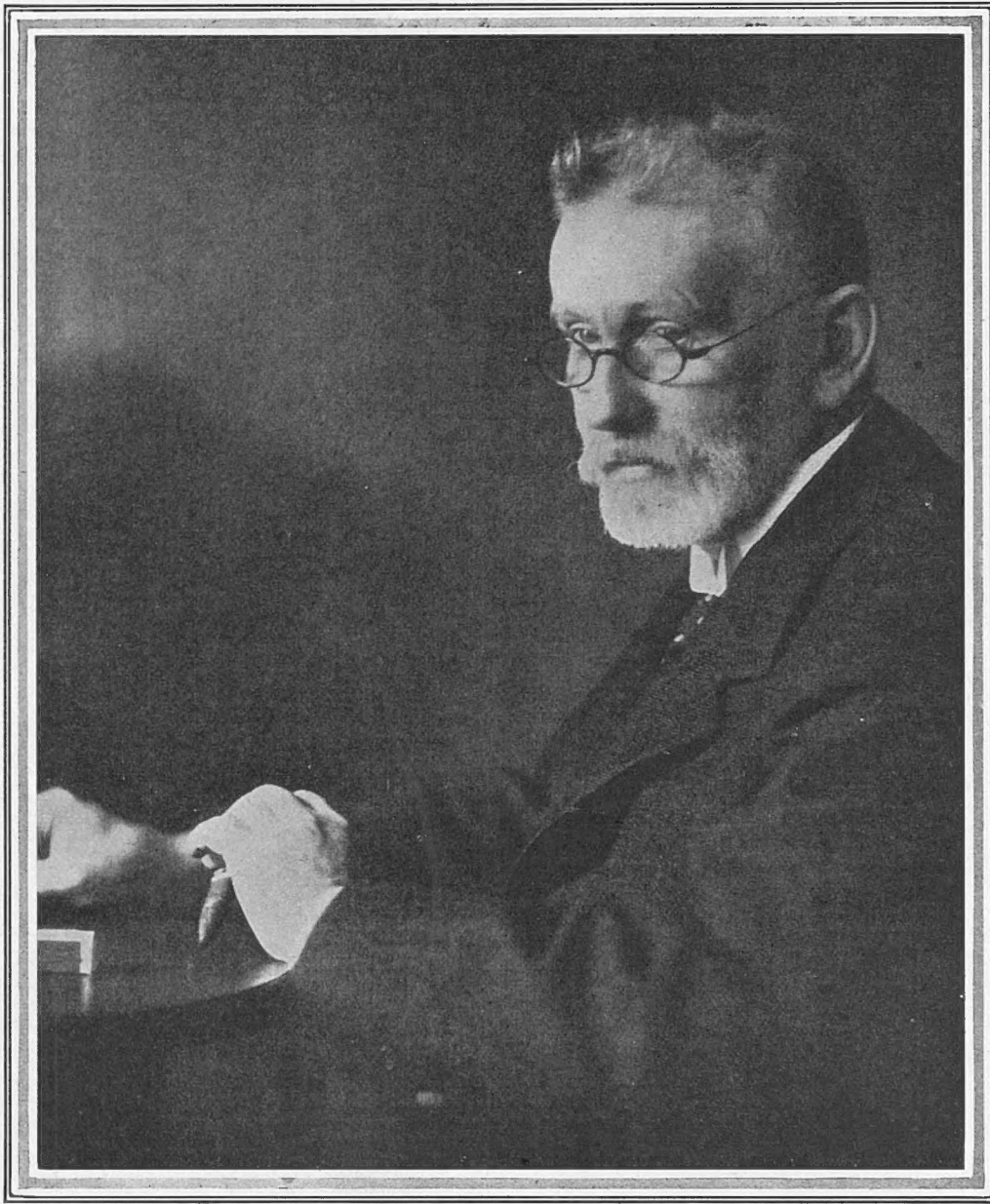
There was one little carriage which would have won all my votes had I possessed any, and that was a little two-wheeled pony-cart beautified with flowers—pink and mauve—to which was harnessed a white pony, who disapproved of the flowers on his harness, which tickled him, but did not proceed to the extreme length of kicking to get rid of them. The cart was full of children. I counted

six little girls, and there may have been another small one hidden away somewhere amidst the frills and flowers. The cart swayed, and there was a creaking of the wheels when the pony started off after a protest. I saw most of the little girls later in the Casino gardens, and as the driver of the pony carried a banner, and all her passengers had streamers, I have no doubt that the judges were quite of my opinion.

The Secret of Success.

Whenever I stay at a new successful town by the sea on the Continent—and Deauville and Le Touquet are both pre-eminently successful—I try to come to a logical conclusion as to the reasons of such success, and to garner any lessons that may be useful to our home resorts. A British town councillor always says, disgustedly: "Baccarat and Petits Chevaux," and thinks that he has stated the whole case why people go abroad; but there are many other factors. The municipalities spend money largely to make the foreign towns attractive. At Trouville, for instance, the old Mairie has been pulled down and rebuilt on another site in order that a Casino should

be put up in its old position. I contrast this with Bournemouth's sulks and fit of jibbing because the President of the Local Government Board will not sanction a plan for its projected pavilion, which includes licensed premises, open to the public without payment for admission. The tables certainly pay for many attractions, but are heavily taxed, and the director of the Casino here tells me that the theatre is the best-paying part of the premises. Of the thousands who pay twenty francs as entrance-fee to the baccarat club, not half ever hold a card or risk a louis—they go because they meet all their friends there. The handsome rooms and an excuse for bringing people together are what our resorts lack, and the "excuse" is just what a manager with brains will some day discover.



THE DISCOVERER OF "606": PROFESSOR PAUL EHRLICH—THE LION OF THE MEDICAL CONGRESS.

As most people know, "606" is the popular name for the drug salvarsan, discovered by Professor Ehrlich, of Frankfurt, as a specific remedy for that deadliest of contagious diseases which is euphemistically termed "the hidden plague." The drug received its number-name from being the result of the Professor's 606th experiment. He was born at Strehlen, Silesia, in 1854. In appearance he is small and spare, and he is seldom seen without a cigar.

Photograph by Barker and Sons.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



VISCOUNT HAMBLEDEN—FOR
ADDING ONE MORE TO THE
ROLL OF PEERS.



VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN—
FOR JOINING THE RANKS
OF THE PEERESSES.



MR. G. F. ARCHER—FOR
BRAVING 2000 DERVISHES
WITH A TINY FORCE.

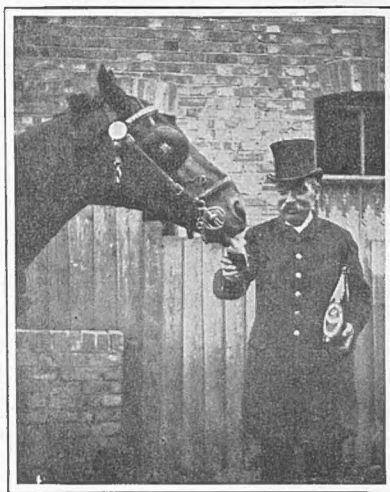


MISS ELLA PRENDERGAST—
FOR SECURING A HUSBAND
VALUED AT £20,000.

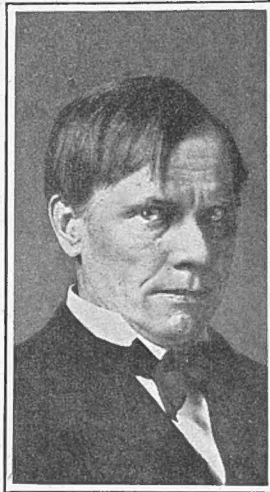


KA'D SIR HARRY MACLEAN—
FOR BECOMING ENGAGED TO
MISS ELLA PRENDERGAST.

On the death of his mother, the late Viscountess Hambleden, the Hon. W. F. D. Smith recently succeeded to the peerage as Viscount Hambleden. His father, the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith was, of course, the founder of the famous newspaper-distributing firm of W. H. Smith and Sons, in which he himself has been a partner since 1890. The peerage was conferred on his mother by Queen Victoria soon after his father's death. His wife, now Viscountess Hambleden, is the third daughter of the fifth Earl of Arran.—Mr. Geoffrey Francis Archer, Acting Commissioner of Somaliland, has made himself famous by gallantly going to the rescue of the Camel Corps with a force of twenty men and a few friendlies, in face of a possible attack by some 2000 Dervishes. Mr. Archer, who is thirty, and six-foot-six in his socks, is a nephew of Sir Frederick Jackson, Governor of Uganda.—Kaid Sir Harry Maclean is to marry Miss Ella Prendergast, daughter of the late General Prendergast. "Kaid Maclean" in 1876 became instructor to the Sultan of Morocco's army, and later its Commander-in-Chief. In 1907 he was captured by the brigand Raisuli, kept prisoner for seven months, and eventually ransomed for £20,000.—[Photographs by Swaine, Topical, Dover Street Studios, Illustrations Bureau, and Lafayette]



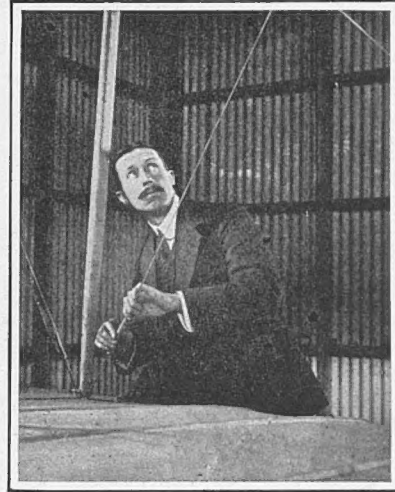
"TOMMY," OF HARROW—FOR "RECRUITING
HIS FLAGGING POWERS WITH BOTTLED
STOUT."



"GOVERNOR" SULZER—FOR
CREATING A GILBERTIAN SITU-
ATION IN NEW YORK STATE.



MRS. SULZER—FOR TAKING THE
BLAME OF HER HUSBAND'S
IMPEACHMENT ON HERSELF.



LIEUTENANT DUNNE—FOR BEING THE
AIRMAN OF THE HOUR IN SPITE OF
HAVING BEEN "SACKED."

In a well-known livery stable at Harrow is a horse, called "Tommy," who is sadly addicted to malt liquors. He refuses to leave the stable-yard, in fact, for his day's work until he is provided with a glass of stout, with which, like Calverley's Prima Donna, he "recruits his flagging powers."—A Gilbertian situation was caused in the government of New York State by the impeachment of Governor Sulzer, and his refusal to resign in favour of the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Glynn, who claimed to have become Acting Governor, as Mr. Sulzer was "automatically suspended" when he was impeached. Mrs. Sulzer, it was reported, assumed responsibility for the financial transactions which led to her husband's impeachment.—Lieutenant Dunne, whose V-shaped tailless biplane has recently given such remarkable proof of automatic stability, was in 1908, he has said, "sacked" by the War Office, along with the late Mr. Cody.—[Photographs by Record Press, Underwood and Underwood, and Topical.]



MR. J. M. HOGGE, M.P.—FOR
DISCOVERING WHY PARLIA-
MENT BORES THE PUBLIC.



MR. H. G. HAWKER—FOR MAKING A BRIL-
LIANT START IN THE ROUND-BRITAIN
WATER-PLANE RACE.



THE BLÉRIOT WITH CLIPPED WINGS—FOR
BEING THE FIRST AEROPLANE MADE TO
HOP AND NOT TO FLY.

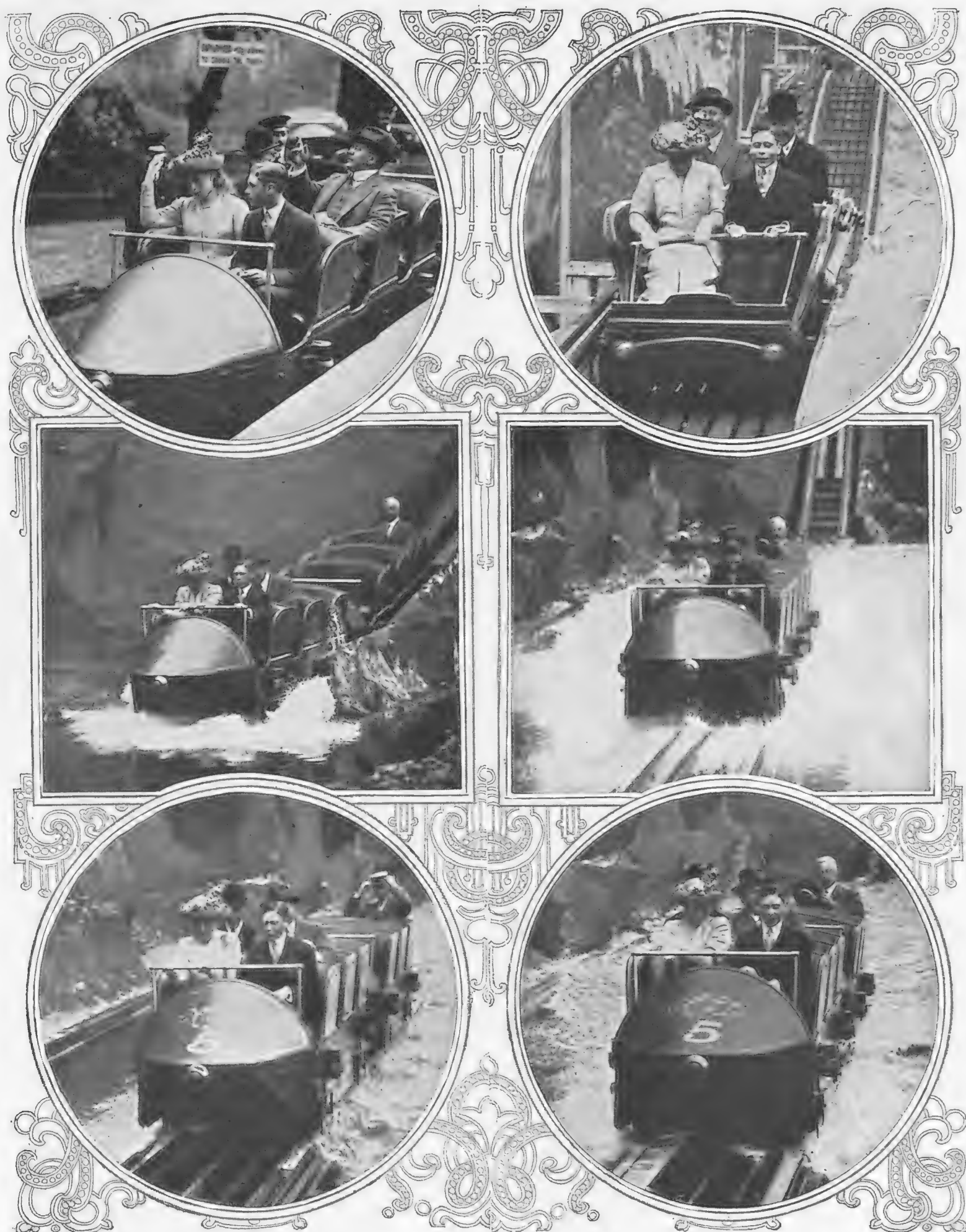


MR. F. M'CLEAN—FOR PERSIST-
ING AGAINST ILL-LUCK AT THE
START OF THE AIR RACE.

Mr. J. M. Hogge, Liberal M.P. for East Edinburgh, has discovered why the proceedings of Parliament, as reported in the newspapers, do not interest the public. It is all due, he says, to the futility of the Press, whose Parliamentary reporters seize mainly on such items as "the fact that John Ward invariably wears a big hat, that Wedgwood Benn makes a smart retort . . . that the Tories are concealed in bath-rooms for the purposes of a snap, that the Prime Minister has had his hair cut, or that Lord Hugh Cecil has appeared in brown boots."—The "Daily Mail's" round-Britain water-plane race on all-British machines for £5000 began on Aug. 16 from Southampton Water. The two competitors were Mr. H. G. Hawker, flying a Sopwith biplane, and Mr. Frank M'Clean, with a Short biplane, both fitted with Green engines. Mr. Hawker, unfortunately, collapsed after reaching Great Yarmouth (240 miles), and his place was taken by Mr. Sydney Pickles. Mr. M'Clean could not start owing to engine trouble, but hoped to do so later.—Owing to the great damage done to aeroplanes in the trial flights of novices, a Blériot monoplane which won't fly has been brought into use at the Hendon Aerodrome. Each of its wings has been clipped to the extent of 5 feet, and it can only hop about 20 yards at a height of 3 feet.

Photographs by Scottish Pictorial News Agency, Illustrations Bureau, and Campbell-Gray.

ROYAL JOY-RIDING: "H.R.H.'s" SWITCHING AT EARL'S COURT.



IMPRESSIONS OF EXPRESSIONS: PRINCE ALBERT AND PRINCESS MARY ENJOYING THEMSELVES AT THE IMPERIAL SERVICES EXHIBITION—AND TAKING CARE TO GRIP THE RAIL AT CRITICAL MOMENTS.

Prince Albert, second son of the King and Naval Cadet, and Princess Mary, only daughter of the King, visited the Imperial Services Exhibition at Earl's Court the other day, and, as our photographs show, enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Photographs by C.N., L.N.A., Topical, and G.P.U.

SOCIETY PORTRAITURE — AFTER THE ETRUSCAN AND VERY POPULAR ONCE MORE: THE SILHOUETTE



1. H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.

5. THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

2. H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA.

6. VISCOUNTESS DUNLUCE, WIFE OF THE EARL OF ANTRIM'S ELDER SON.

A. MISS BRENDA PALMER.

B. MISS PIXIE CAMERON.

C. MASTER STEPHENSON.

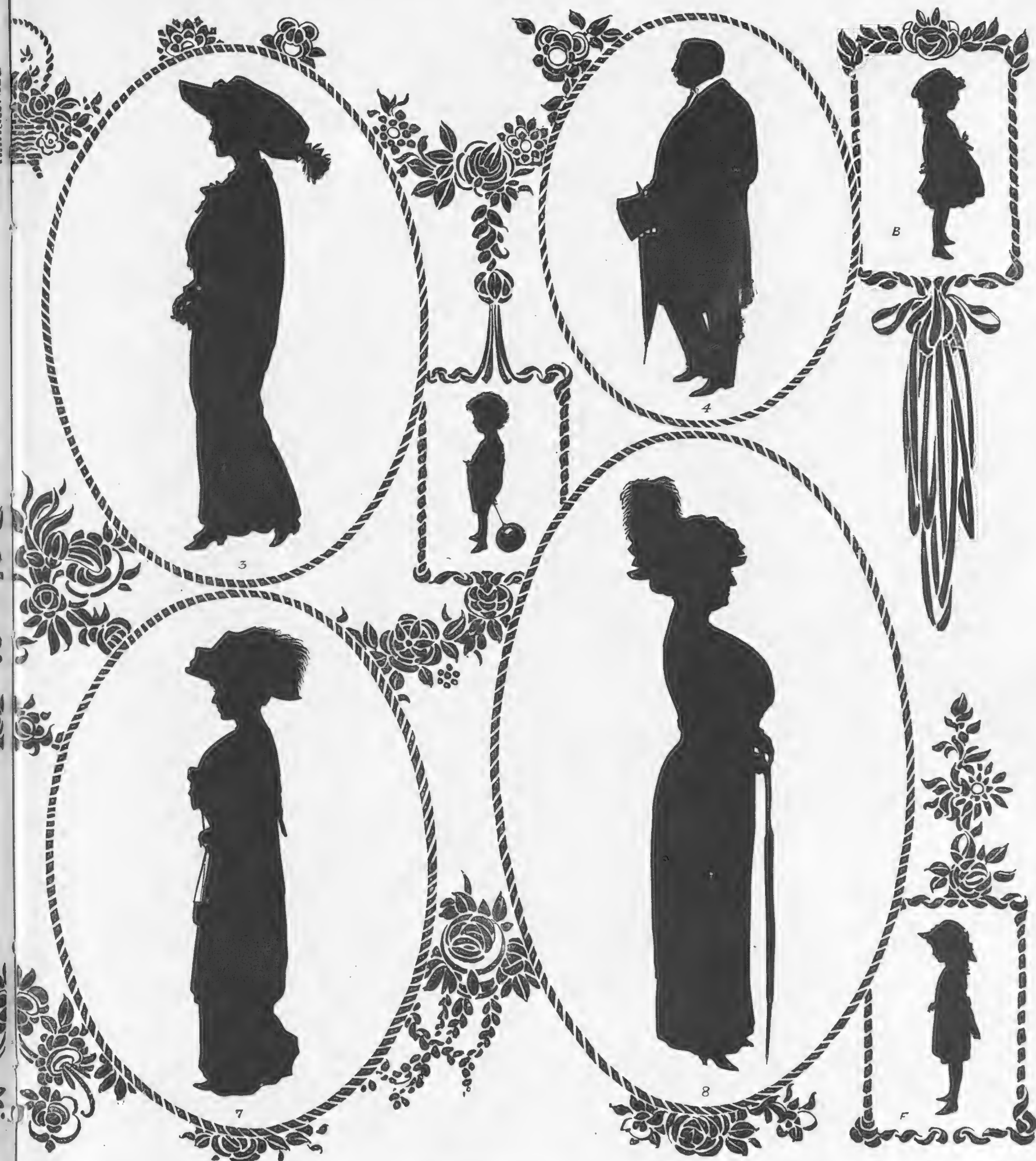
That form of shadow-likeness which is called the Silhouette, in the popularity of which there is a distinct revival, owes its name to Etienne de Silhouette, Minister of Finance to Louis XV., whose comparatively short-lived economies in the matter of public expenditure became notorious and earned him a name for cheese-paring and meanness in general. Some say that Silhouettes were so called in ridicule: they being remarkable for lack of enriching

From the Silhouettes

by

ROMAN: THE MEAN-MINISTER METHOD IN VOGUE AGAIN.

AS IT IS TO-DAY, IN ITS BEST FORM.



3. THE HON. ALETHEA GARDNER, DAUGHTER OF LORD BURGHCLERE.

7. VISCONTRESS ST. CYRES, WIFE OF THE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH'S ONLY SON.

D. MASTER JOHN STEPHENSON.

E. MISS KITTY KINLOCH.

F. MISS EVELYN GARDNER.

4. THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

8. H.M. QUEEN AMELIE OF PORTUGAL.

detail. Others argue that Silhouette himself caused the revival of this method of portrait-making, which saved expense. In Silhouette's day, the portraits were made by outlining profiles thrown by the light of a lamp, or candle, on a sheet of white paper. The process was known to the Romans, who received it from the Etruscans. The examples here given are the work of Mr. Baron Scotford, of 129, Regent Street, who is doing much to revive the art.

by Mr. Baron Scotford.



LORD LOVAT.

THE King, when he goes North, becomes a Scot, at least in religion. Balmoral makes a nominal Presbyterian of him.

In a minor and less official sense everybody is preparing for some sort of Northern conversion. A Tweed suiting, and a Scottish shooting, are making new men of hundreds of Londoners and Americans. Caruso, when he went to Edinburgh, consulted an expert in Savile Row as to the advisability of providing himself with kilts; and although Mr. Leopold Hirsch and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild take measures less extreme than that, they, too, fall into some sort of conformity with the landscape. From out the crowd of Highlanders by adoption, for the month, Lord Lovat stands out, the conspicuous Scot.



LADY LOVAT.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

The Biggest Bag.

Lord Lovat does not approach his grouse by way of the estate-agent, a process that gives, at any rate, the zest of a big price to sportsmen who might otherwise be only lukewarm. Some of the best sporting country in Scotland belongs to him. On his one-hundred-and-eighty-one thousand and odd-hundred acres he has enough for himself and to spare. His bag is witness to it. He has brought down more grouse in a day's shooting than any other gun in Great Britain. It is a record insufficient in itself to establish Lord Lovat as the first of game-shots; but good judges hardly care to put him much lower in the list.

A Prior and a Palfrey.

Lord Lovat is a good shot by virtue of upbringing and circumstance rather than endeavour. But he has known, for all that, and loved, a community entirely innocent of sporting instincts — the monks of Fort Augustus, where he was educated. He is fond of a story of a Prior and a palfrey. The monks, whose work in the fields was heavy, besought the Prior to get them a horse. He set out, and returned two days later in great glee with a palfrey of high mettle, for which he had paid £80. The next morning the monks turned out to see it tried; but no sooner was it between the shafts than the whole abbey wished it out again. It kicked, and reared, and went whither it listed. The next day that horse was re-sold to the dealer for £20. But the need for a beast of burden remained, so that the Prior again set forth, and after two days again returned with a steed for which he had paid £60. But with the same result, only that this time the dealer would offer no more than £5 to regain an animal so grossly ill-behaved. When the Prior signified that he would once more search the dealer's stock, a novice, who in his worldly

days had been even a little horsey, stepped forth and said: "Leave this horse in our stables till you return with another, lest, for the third time, you purchase the same horse, which has already twice deceived you."

A Soldier in Earnest.

The Benedictines of Fort Augustus may not provide the best schooling in the worldly wisdom of the market-place; but they turned out, in the person of Lord Lovat, a man who has been all the more useful to his country on that account. He was, for instance, after the Spartan life of a monastic college, never quite satisfied with the ornamental soldiering of the 1st Life Guards. Having served three years, he returned to Scotland to give his tenants the benefit of a resident landlord. Thus, with war declared in South Africa, he was able, at the shortest notice, to raise Lovat's Scouts. He repeated, in the Boer War, the successes of another Simon Fraser, who, after serving with Prince Charlie, got a commission from the King, and took a body of eight hundred Highlanders of his own raising to fight with Wolfe before Quebec, and later in the American War of 1776. The present Lord Lovat did even better in 1900.

Adventures to the Adventurous.

Tall and well-proportioned, Lord Lovat has the figure and face that suggest the open road and its exploits. Perhaps some of his love of adventure came to him by way of Stevenson and Rudyard

Kipling, two modern authors whom his literary taste early led him to admire. He won his D.S.O. in South Africa; and from expeditions in Abyssinia he has returned with many rare birds and beasts for the enrichment of South Kensington Museum. But his greatest adventure was at a certain dinner-party in Downing Street!

Love-at First Sight.

Early in the year

1910 he was asked to dine by Mrs. Asquith. Like a careful hostess, she had left an ample margin of time for a reply, and Lord Lovat, never eager to jump at engagements which bring him to town, put her letter in his pocket. Perhaps an adequate excuse was in the back of his mind; but if it was he forgot both it and the letter until the eve of the party. The only course open to him was to wire: "Yes, delighted," and to go. Miss Laura Lister was on his right, and before the evening was out he confessed to himself that it was a case of love at first sight. They married later in the year. Their son, the Master of Lovat, was born in July, 1911.



LORD LOVAT.

Simon Joseph Fraser, fourteenth Baron Lovat, of a creation dating from 1458-64, was born on November 25, 1871, and succeeded in 1887. He served in South Africa as Captain of Lovat's Scouts, which he raised, was mentioned in despatches twice, and earned the D.S.O. and the C.B. He is an A.D.C. to the King, and Colonel of the Highland Mounted Brigade, Territorial Force. In 1910, he married the Hon. Laura Lister, daughter of the fourth Baron Ribblesdale.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry]

DOING HONEST DUTY TOWARDS THE QUEEN.



A LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER: LADY DESBOROUGH, A POPULAR FIGURE IN COURT CIRCLES.

Lady Desborough, wife of that fine all-round sportsman, William Henry Grenfell, first Baron Desborough, was known before her marriage, which took place in 1887, as Miss Ethel Anne Priscilla Fane, and is the daughter of the late Hon. Julian Henry Charles Fane. She is a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. In this connection it may be remarked that both Ladies and Women of the Bedchamber are styled Ladies-in-Waiting.

The former are invariably Peeresses; the latter are of lesser, although of high, rank. There are also Extra Ladies of the Bedchamber. The only duty of the Ladies-in-Waiting nowadays is attendance at Courts and other ceremonies. In the time of George II. they—or some of them—had to be present at the toilet of the Queen. Lord Desborough's motto is "Loyal Devoir" ("Honest Duty," translates the "Peerage.")

Photograph by Bassano.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

EATON has the reputation of being never dull. At no time does it put up its shutters with any conviction, or experience long lapses into the moribund condition of a house left to the jog-trot despotism of a housekeeper for extended periods. When the Duchess is not there, the Duke is; his flying visits are the life of the establishment even when, according to official programmes, he is hunting in the forests of France, or running a polo team on the Riviera. Nor is the presence of royalty sufficient to curb the violent good spirits of the host and of the house in general. In another age Eaton would have had its private arena and staff of gladiators. In this milder epoch it is content

with every conceivable sort of playing field and court, and range and table, with, instead of gladiators, his Grace ready to risk his neck at any of them for the entertainment of his party.

Many of the Eaton entertainments owe their charm to the impromptu nature of the planning and execution. When the Duke and Duchess of Teck are the guests of honour, however, less than is

ENGAGED TO MR. FREDERICK CHARLES PALMER: MISS MABEL FRANCES HUGHES-HALLETT.

Miss Hughes-Hallett is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norton Hughes-Hallett, of The Knoll, Derby.

Photograph by Swaine.

usually left to chance is allowable. The informality of a hastily gathered party, whisked down at the last moment in motors (the ever-ready servants of eleventh-hour enterprises) must be in part foregone. But the Duke of Westminster never puts too strict a curb upon his second-thoughts. The Duke and Duchess of Teck spent their Eaton days in ideal fashion for the very

reason that their host rises to all such occasions with something more than orthodox ardour; and as it happens an eleventh-hour invitation for the "Twelfth" (as one Peer has consistently spelt it since he left Harrow with a prize for English under his arm) added greatly to the liveliness of the table-talk during several lengthy and particularly gorgeous meals.

From Battery to Battue.

Lord Exeter returned to Burghley House, not, like Tennyson's hero, in the guise of a landscape-painter, but in the khaki of his regiment. After a fortnight in camp at Lydd, with the rank, and tent, of a Major of Battery, he ended his term just in time for the more serious

shooting of the Twelfth. This was not found at Burghley, which he left immediately after picking up Lady Exeter there, but at Bolton Hail, the seat of his father-in-law, Lord Bolton.

A Favourite Prescription.

It was impossible to avoid a certain "shoppy" heaviness in the majority of small London dinners, luncheons, and teas given in honour of batches of our medical visitors. Doctors were the chief hosts, and it is difficult to make doctors' houses much more than extensions of the consulting-room. But here and there the Congress-men found themselves in the surroundings of the layman, as, for instance, at Mrs. Weigall's garden-party and Sir Herman Weber's evening reception in Grosvenor Street.

Against the conception of a doctor as a being who is never much interested in meeting anybody save another doctor or a patient, must be set the nightly scene at Gambrinus's. Many official receptions were neglected by grave professors of medicine for the relaxation found there in a change of company and a mug of Munich.

Is Mr. Burns a Customer?

When Mr. Burns, who makes no rule of going North in August, next visits the Charing Cross Road, a favourite haunt of his, he must call at No. 77. From a bookseller's at that address has just been issued a catalogue of autograph letters. It contains many interesting lots, but only in the case of the President of the Local Government Board has the cataloguer gone aside to pay a compliment. The entry runs: "Burns (John, now, as always, 'the Right Honourable'):

Interesting autograph letter of good advice, relating to the use of alcohol, athletics, etc., fine and early specimen, ros. 6d." In the same list the First Lord also figures, but is shorn of the "Right Hon.," even in an abbreviated form, and costs, moreover, only 4s. 6d. Letters of Lord Morley are valued at from 3s. to 6s.; but all members of the Cabinet must be purchased separately. Hangmen, on the other hand, go in a bunch—at 15s.



ENGAGED TO MR. WARINGTON BADEN-POWELL, K.C.: MISS CICELY HILDA FARMER.

Miss Farmer is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, of Brownhills, St Andrews, Fife.

Photograph by Thomson.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. HELEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON: THE HON. RICHARD LEGH, SON AND HEIR OF LORD NEWTON.

The Hon. Richard Legh is the elder of Lord Newton's sons, and is Honorary Attaché at Constantinople. He was born in 1888. The Hon. Helen Meysey-Thompson is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough, and was born in 1889.

Photograph by l'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO MISS CICELY HILDA FARMER: MR. WARINGTON BADEN-POWELL, K.C.

Mr. Warington Baden-Powell, K.C., R.N.R., is a brother of General Sir Robert Baden-Powell. Before practising as a barrister, he served at sea for thirteen years.

Photograph by Thomson.



ENGAGED TO MISS A. E. L. HANSARD: SEÑOR G. M. LEMBECKE.

Señor Lembecke is the younger son of the Peruvian Chargé d'Affaires, Señor Don Eduardo Lembecke.

Photograph by Langfier.



ENGAGED TO SEÑOR G. M. LEMBECKE: MISS A. E. L. HANSARD.

Miss Hansard is the only daughter of Colonel Hansard, of Cadogan Gardens.

Photograph by Langfier.



ENGAGED TO MISS MABEL FRANCES HUGHES-HALLETT: MR. FREDERICK CHARLES PALMER.

Mr. Palmer is the only son of Sir Alfred Palmer, the third Bt., of Walworth Castle, Yorkshire. He was born in December 1884.

Photograph by Swaine.

FIERCE JOYS! NEW THRILLS FOR SIDE-SHOWITES.



1. SEEKING THAT CROSS-CHANNEL FEELING FOR PLEASURE! THE "MAL-DE-MER" PRODUCING "BOAT."

2. A COMPULSORY FOOT-BATH WITH EVER TRY! A BLONDIN-OVER-NIAGARA WALK.

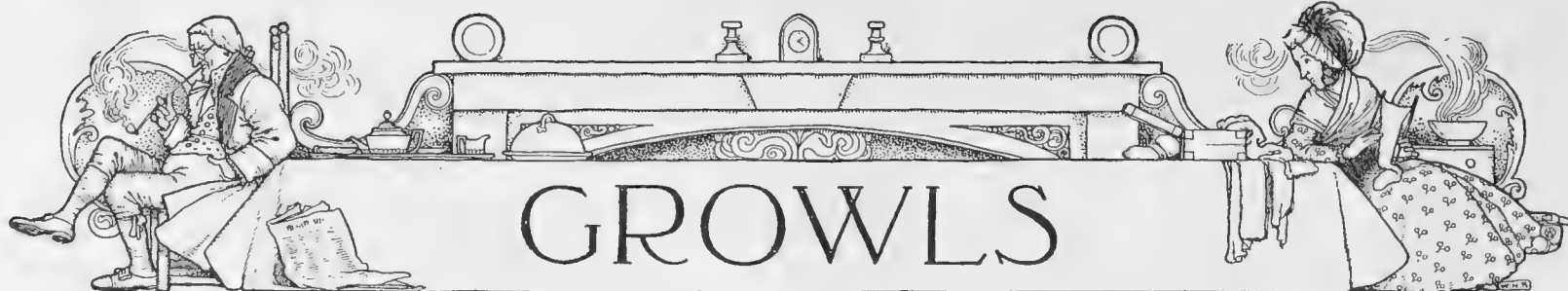
3. THE JOY-WHEELING DANCING-FLOOR: NEW STEPS AND CLASPS PRODUCED BY THE WHIRLING "BALL-ROOM."

4. BLOW IT! FACING THE BLASTS OF RUDE—AND FALSE—BOREAS.

5. THE CASK AND THE DOWNWARD PATH: TREADING THE REVOLVING BARRELS.

Thrills are all the rage in the side-shows of exhibitions, and have even found favour with royalty. At Earl's Court the other day Princess Mary and Prince Albert enjoyed several rides on the mountain railways, and Prince Albert acquitted himself well at the cinema "living" target. We illustrate here a few novelties in the way of side-shows which are not so familiar to the British public, but are very popular on the Continent. The dancing joy-wheel hails from Berlin, and the rest from a new

pleasure-ground, known as the "Folles Buttes," in a workmen's quarter of Paris. There, for the modest sum of fr.1.10, the visitor obtains entry to a score of attractions. Photograph No. 1 shows a structure in the form of a ship on which the motions that produce *mal de mer* may be experienced. In No. 2 a rope is seen stretched across a small sheet of water: the person walking along the rope gets a foot-bath half-way. Nos. 4 and 5 explain themselves.—[Photographs by Delius and Koch-Gotha.]



THE MEDIAEVALISM OF MENUS: STINTING THE STATES.

IF one pays due attention to the correspondence columns in the daily Press and weighs well and warily the views therein aired, one is bound all in good time to arrive at the conclusion that there is something radically wrong in the lines upon which this country blindly continues to conduct its affairs. Our insularity tends to make us insensible to the consideration which others have a right to expect and blind to all else but the perfection of our own petty grooves. Consequently we have no right to exhibit annoyance if, at intervals, voices are raised in protest against our general inability to meet the demands of modern civilisation, and our habitual indifference to the feelings of others. Such a protest has recently been raised in no uncertain voice by an eloquent and clear-minded citizen of the great Republic of the United States, who on occasions pays this country the compliment of motoring about in it. Obviously inspired by a benevolent desire to act for our good, and instructing us in certain basic principles with which we have lamentably failed to make ourselves cognisant, he complains that the accommodation provided at our provincial hostelrys is not up to the standard of his requirements, that the service is perfunctory, and that the provender is old-fashioned to the point of being beneath contempt. With that self-restraint which never fails the well-bred, he is careful to say nothing which might tend to offend our national susceptibilities, but he feels it to be his duty to point out to us that we do not minister to the wants of our visitors with the carefulness and thoroughness which might be expected of a civilised people, and he suggests with the utmost delicacy of diction that his native land, comparatively young though it be, is in a position to teach the Older Country many things well worth the learning.

Things as They Are.

I have not the honour of this particular gentleman's acquaintance, but I have been privileged to meet many of his kind, and am able to form the opinion that his grievance is neither wanton nor ill-timed. The

motorist is a man of many meals. The farther and the faster he goes the more he desires to eat and drink. He has no set times for his nourishment, but he stops when and where his fancy suggests. I can see this Transatlantic visitor suddenly pulling up at a roadside



A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN AND A DESCENDANT OF CHARLES II.: THE AGED DUKE OF GRAFTON IN HIS PONY-CHAIR, AT EUSTON HALL.

Since he fractured his thigh last year, the Duke of Grafton, who was born in June 1821, has deemed it better to get about in the manner here shown. His Grace is a descendant of that natural son of King Charles II., by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, who was created in turn Baron of Sudbury, Viscount Ipswich, Earl of Euston, and Duke of Grafton. The present Duke served with distinction in the Crimea; and has held such important appointments as Equerry to Queen Victoria, King Edward VII., and King George V. At the Coronation of King Edward he bore Curtana.—[Photograph by C.N.]

hotel after racing through the finest samples of our island scenery at a pace rendering any appreciation of its varied beauties impossible. He has, perhaps, patronised a cathedral and a couple of castles since his last square meal, and he needs recuperation. In whirlwind fashion he and his party enter the hotel and cry in sea-bird tone for luncheon. They are politely, even timidly, informed that all the tables are at present engaged, but that if they will deign to wait a few minutes they shall be attended to. Wait! Would anyone in God's chosen country have bid them wait? A land of mustiness and mildew! After an ineffectual attempt to obtain a satisfactory cock-tail, the party are informed that a table is now at their disposal, and the menu is submitted to their discriminating inspection. And what a tale it tells! The tale of a land to which successive ages have taught nothing, which has stood still since the battle of Agincourt! Nothing but mutton and beef and ham, and lamb and chicken and duck, old-world cates that were in vogue when William the Conqueror first came to test the nakedness of the land! Surely it is not unnatural that the scion of the Stars-and-Stripes should feel aggrieved and should decide, more in sorrow than in anger, that he will find leisure to indite a letter to a newspaper in the hope of bringing an unimaginative and lethargic nation to a sense of its shortcomings!

As They Should Be.

Nor, I hope and trust, will the note of warning sounded by this true and outspoken friend of England fall upon deaf ears. Let our provincial hotel-proprietors take heed to their ways, and with promptitude expunge from their bills of fare these relics of a barbaric age. Let them relegate to the limbo of things discarded and forgotten the ham of the Henrys, the chicken of the Charleses, and the mutton of Mary Queen of Scots. From this moment they must banish from their minds the fallacious notion that the days when empires were built on beef and beer are not gone for ever, and they must remember that at any moment an American motor laden with modernity and enlightenment may pull up at the door, and that they must be ready to accord to it the reception that is its due. Let the shelves of their larders be loaded with all that can appeal to the palate that has advanced with the times. Let there be clams galore and terrapin by the ton. Let there be canvas-backs and green corn and Boston baked beans without stint. They may argue that such a car may never arrive, and they may find no market for these things amongst the uncultured customers; but trumpery considerations like this must be swept aside. The small pecuniary loss involved should be as nothing to the proud consciousness of having done something to remove a blot from the nation's scutcheon. England must open her eyes to the fact that she must Americanise her roadside inns, or inevitably drift into the unenviable position of a second-rate Power.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



TELESCOPE TO EYE: THE NAUTICAL LADY MORANT, ONE OF THE KEENEST OF YACHTSWOMEN, WATCHING A RACE AT RYDE; WITH CAPTAIN SAMUEL BARTON.

Photograph by C.N.

Hotel Hogs.



III.—THE TITTLE - TATTLERS.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE MIGHTY FARTHING—PHRYNETTE OF THE FILM.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THERE is one word in the English language which has always been misapplied, misunderstood, mistaken, miserably used. Yet it is a beautiful word, not in sound, perhaps, but in meaning; it is the emblem of generosity—it means much given in exchange for little. It is the word "cheap." Cheap in French is *bon marché*—a good bargain. It is a rehabilitation of the word

which has been so belittled here as to mean on ungrateful lips—"tawdry," "obvious," "evident," "too easy," "without merit," "without value," "coarse," "common," "ugly." I most strongly protest against this last sense of "cheap." As I write these lines in the holiday apartment where everything is impossible, an object gloriously cheap and beautiful is on my table. It is a honey-pot of reddish earth filled with a branch of wistaria. All the "hornaments" and other horrors in the shape of vases, plates and decorative china which filled the room on our arrival we have carefully put out of sight in our largest hat-box, and in their stead stands the honey-pot in its symbolic simplicity, its pure

all the better for a few more open windows and fewer Italian farces; but on the whole, what a splendid influence for good it has on the masses! It reaches and teaches them what they have been preached and taught before; but instead of appealing to their reason, it stirs their heart and imagination. And it is not the obtuse and the ignorant alone who can realise only by visualisation—it is all of us. Our mind is *myope*. A toad run over by the tyre of your own car affects you immensely more than any beastly battle in the Balkans.

Better a good film than a bad play. Both sorts are legion. Many cinematographic pictures are things of great beauty, infinitely superior from the æsthetic point of view to the cheap—I mean the tawdry—effectiveness of enormously costly musical-comedies and revues whose claim it is to have a gorgeous setting.

"Mordred," of the *Referee*, reproaches Mr. Bouchier for making himself "cheap" by lending his great talent to the Cinematographic Art. Methinks this is not the opinion of the film firms! I saw Mr. Bouchier in a cinematographic interpretation of "Henry VIII." It was a thing of great artistic merit. Cinematographic acting, however, will never, I think, be the *forte* of English actors, not through lack of talent, but lack of facial expression and the dumbness of their gestures. English artists are amazingly clever with their legs, but they can do nothing with their features and their fingers. I do not know whether their impassivity is a question of training or temperament, but an English "cinema" actor will need to tap his forehead with his index finger to convey to the public that he has an idea, while the lifting of the eyebrows and fixing of the gaze were all that was needed. Imagine the clever actor that Mr. Hawtrey undoubtedly is trying to tell a story by the mere muscles of his face!

There is more accuracy in a good film than on the "planks" of the Comédie Française. Often historical films are taken on the very spots where, centuries ago, happened the love-stories, tragedies, or war-scenes. A good film is a school-master, an artist, and a *raconteur* all in one. It is also that wonderful being—a reliable and silent cicerone! Nowhere as at the cinematograph—certainly not on the operatic stage—can you see such god-like mortals, especially in American films; also such heroic natures—nowhere except in real life.

The cinematograph is a school of form and virtue. If it is a drug, it is a drug without dregs. Illusion—O divine lie! Long live the Cinematograph!



UNDIVIDED WE—BOB! AN IRRATIONAL "GREEK" BATHING-DRESS, SEEN AT DEAUVILLE.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

primitiveness—such as the first potter that ever lived would have made it from the clay out of his cave, a thing useful and beautiful, like all things earthy and unashamed.

"Cheap!"—that is the great stigma in the English vocabulary. What is cheap is "no good," be it ever so much better. The "halfpenny paper"! Can you hear the disdain, almost the suspicion attached to the "halfpenny"? Yet it has a great mission, the cheap newspaper. Like the penny stamp, it helps to bring the world together. When from China to Peru we shall all be very dear cousins, I hope they will recognise that cheapness did it. Cheap boats, cheap trains, cheap postcards—the millennium will be the reign of goodwill and of the Mighty Farthing.

I know people, many of them, who long to see the inside of a cinematograph theatre, but who cannot afford to enter—because it is cheap! Neither do they dare confess the reason of their reluctance. "It is so common," they say—so is the sun!—"anyone can go there." So they can in the sea. Some, like Dr. A. E. Hillard, complain that "the cinematograph is an intellectual and physical drug administered to boys in an unhealthy atmosphere." Blessed be the drugs that help us to live! Pleasure is neither a state nor a purpose; it is nothing but a palliative to lull the pain. Drugs also—the stories and the songs, the smiles of women, and the flash of flowers on the sides of an endless road. What is spring, but the drug of the year? What is love if not the philtre of essential folly? As some men find eloquence, or courage, or creative power only in the cup, so to others the sole excuse and motive for creating life is the drug of love.

The cinematograph is a very harmless drug; true, it would be



DIVIDED WE—SWIM: THE RATIONAL BATHING-DRESS, AS SEEN, AFTER A SWIM, IN PARIS.

Photograph by Branger.

IN TWO YEARS OF GRACE! SHORE-THINGS.



THE DEAD KNUT AND THE LIVING: A STUDY IN SEASIDE TYPES—"NAUTICAL," BUT INOFFENSIVE;
AND "AN EMPTY AGGRESSION."

Said the "Daily Mail" the other day, in an article on "Bad Manners at the Seaside": "Consider the young men leaning against the promenade rails. They laugh loud in the faces of passers-by. They ogle every pretty face; they exchange a criticism that is not always *sotto voce* on every plain one. It is impossible for any girl of ordinary attraction to go unattended on the sea front without drawing on herself a succession of ingratiating

glances or remarks directed straight or obliquely at her. . . . A file of 'Punch' will show you the seaside man of a generation ago to have been an individual whose one aim was to be considered a nautical expert. He may have been foolish, but he was at least inoffensive. The typical young seaside man of to-day is simply an empty aggression, a swashbuckler without courage."—[DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.]



FROM "TIN MURDER" TO THE PERFECT BATTLE-GAME: H. G. WELLS AND WAR ON THE FLOOR.

FOR the novelist, accustomed to marshal his puppets and work out schemes of action, the game of mimic war has a particular lure. Developed on a realistic plan, and provided with elaborate rules, it becomes as engrossing a mental exercise as chess,

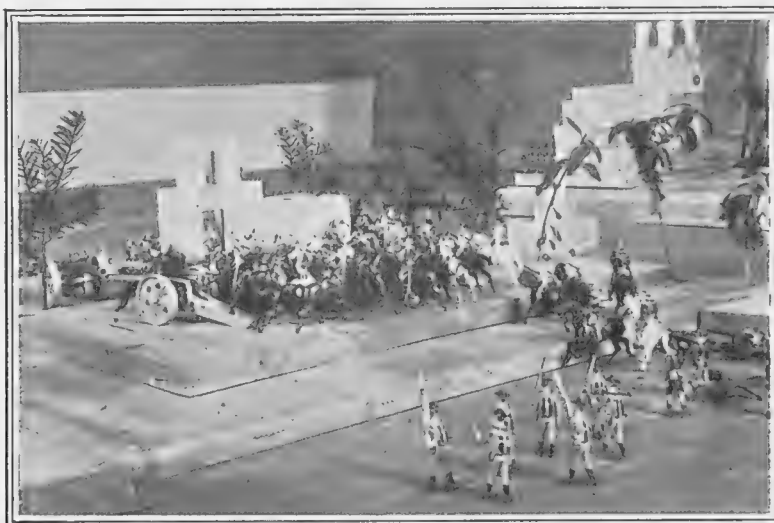
from wall-paper and cardboard, the marking out of rivers, the building of bridges—in short, the creation of a landscape in little, with an ingenuity worthy of a Japanese gardener. And—talking of gardens—the seat of war was on some occasions transferred from the nursery to the lawn.

General Wells and the Battle of Hook's Farm.

It would be impossible here to give the rules of Little War, as eventually perfected, for they are numerous and complicated, and Mr. Wells himself takes over twenty pages to explain them. After the rules he describes a typical engagement—the Battle of Hook's Farm, and the successive stages of that momentous conflict are illustrated by a series of nine photographs. The author of "The War in the Air" gained a brilliant and decisive victory, of which he is justly proud. Here is his picture of himself in military mood. "And suddenly your author changes. He changes into what, perhaps, he might have been—under different circumstances. His inky fingers become large, manly hands, his drooping scholastic back stiffens, his elbows go out, his etiolated complexion corrugates and darkens, his moustaches increase and grow and spread, and curl up horribly. A large red scar, a sabrecut, grows lurid over one eye." In short—General H. G. Wells, a man of blood and iron.

Kriegspiel and R. L. S.

Mr. Wells concludes with an appendix, written after consultation with Colonel Mark Sykes, suggesting rules for the application of the principles of Little Wars to the War Game known as Kriegspiel, invented by a Prussian officer in 1824, but found nowadays, as played in the British Army, "a very dull and unsatisfactory exercise, lacking in realism." In this connection we may recall another famous novelist who invented a war-game. Mr. Wells alludes to that played by Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, and "insufficiently recorded by Laurence Sterne," but he does not mention R. L. S. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, his step-son, has described (in the new Swanston Edition of Stevenson), how R. L. S. played at soldiers with him in an attic at Davos, and how "This game of tin soldiers, an intricate 'Kriegspiel,' involving rules innumerable, prolonged arithmetical calculations, constant measuring with foot-rules, and the throwing of dice, sprang from the humblest beginnings," and



THE BATTLE OF HOOK'S FARM: RED CAVALRY CHARGING HOME OVER THE BLUE GUNS.

"Red's . . . two effective guns have between them bowled over two cavalry and six infantry in the gap between the farm and Blue's right gun; and then, following up the effect of his gun-fire, his cavalry charges home over the Blue guns. . . . The game then pauses while the players work out the cavalry *mêlée*. . . . By the rules this gives fifteen men dead on either side and three Red prisoners to Blue."

Reproduced from "Little Wars," by H. G. Wells, by courtesy of the publisher, Mr. Frank Palmer.

how "the war-game was constantly improved and elaborated, until from a few hours a 'war' took weeks to play." Mr. Lloyd Osbourne apparently possesses a record of the Davos campaigns in an old note-book. It would be very interesting to compare them with those devised by Mr. Wells.



THE WAR IN THE GARDEN, FOUGHT BY MR. H. G. WELLS: A GULLIVER CONDUCTING A LILLIPUTIAN CAMPAIGN.

"I have" (as several illustrations show), writes Mr. Wells, "tried Little Wars in the open air. The toy soldiers stand quite well on closely mown grass, but the long-range gun-fire becomes a little uncertain if there is any breeze. It gives a greater freedom of movement and allows the players to lie down more comfortably when firing, to increase, and even double, the moves of the indoor game."

Reproduced from "Little Wars," by H. G. Wells, by courtesy of the publisher, Mr. Frank Palmer.

and far more strenuous and thrilling—a game compared with which the ordinary "playing at soldiers" is nothing but (to use Mr. Wells's phrase) "tin murder."

J. K. J. Fires the First Shot.

Although at the end of his book* Mr. Wells discovers a pacific value for his Little Wars, as an outlet for the truculence of militarists and scaremongers, to prevent them stirring up real war, this idea was obviously an after-thought. It was the primitive "delight of battle," the fascination of gunnery, which first awoke his genius for military organisation. Listen to his own story of its origin. "It was with one of these guns that the beginning of our war-game was made. It was at Sandgate—in England. The present writer had been lunching with a friend—let me veil his identity under the initials, J. K. J.—in a room littered with the irrepressible débris of a small boy's pleasures. On a table near our own stood four or five soldiers and one of these guns. Mr. J. K. J. . . . drew a chair to this little table, sat down, examined the gun discreetly, loaded it warily, aimed, and hit his man. . . . He fired that day a shot that still echoes round the world. . . . The cannonade of Sandgate occurred. . . . 'But suppose,' said his antagonists; 'suppose somehow one could move the men!' and therewith opened a new world of belligerence."

Annexation of the Nursery.

Gradually the game grew, and rules were evolved. "First there was the development of the country. The soldiers did not stand well on an ordinary carpet, the encyclopædia made clumsy cliff-like 'cover,' and more particularly the room in which the game had its beginnings was subject to the invasion of callers, alien souls, trampling skirt-swishers, chatters, creatures unfavourably impressed by the spectacle of two middle-aged men playing with 'toy soldiers' on the floor, and very heated and excited about it. Overhead was the day nursery, with a wide extent of smooth cork carpet. . . . It was an easy task for the head of the household to evict his offspring, annex these advantages, and set about planning a realistic country (I forget what became of the children)." Then followed the construction of houses and castles and churches,

* "Little Wars." A Game for Boys from 12 Years of Age to 150. With an Appendix on Kriegspiel. By H. G. Wells. (Frank Palmer; 2s. 6d. net.)

THE SEARCH FOR SEVENTH DAY AMUSEMENT.



THE VISITOR: Pardon, M'sieur; 'ow ees it you call that grand building there?

THE POLICEMAN: That 's St. Paul's, Sir.

THE VISITOR: An' ees it, can eet be, that 'e is open on Sunday?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

SHINJU.

By CARL R. FALLAS.

ALL the streams were full. The white mist of spray rising above the cascade had sometimes a rainbow's hues. If you went down stream to a place where the water seemed motionless but for the trailing creepers it tugged from the banks, you got an odour of musk in warm air, and still could hear the murmur of the cascade, joined with a faint note from some distant geisha string.

At evening this odour was heavier, and the sounds grew more distinct in the stillness. Insects careened through the air on glistening wings, and a white owl would flutter from a tree to drink at the water's edge and preen its feathers.

The place had its own spirit.

At certain beautiful spots in the wood you came across little white sticks stuck in patches of soft earth; each stick bore on its flat surface a tracery of Japanese characters in black chalk. The sticks were in pairs, and the characters on one told the name of a girl and on the other of a man . . . lovers who had gone to the Land of Flowers.

All streams in Japan flow to that land.

Now that the rains were over and the season of heat had begun, the verdure was thickening daily, and the leaves on the trees were growing so large and numerous that the branches seemed almost borne down.

On the third evening of the new season there began to come to this spot an artist, who tried with his crayons to catch the spirit of Fuji towering in the distance. But he was never satisfied with his work, though he sometimes stayed until the change in the night air made him shiver with cold. Quite still at times, he might have been an Oriental, sitting there with his chin forward in his right hand, bathed in the moonlight.

This white light penetrated even to the little flat sticks in the wood, up which the new weeds were already climbing. But to him it showed only Fuji's cone above the nestling clouds, arrayed in vestal snow. Rapt, he saw her seem to sink into the pearl mists . . . become one with the skies.

He reflected that he was witnessing the art of God; again, that it was the passion trance of Nature evolving utmost beauty. How vast, and yet how serene it was! Then, kneeling there, face upturned to the stars, he felt that he had partaken of this great thing. . . . And everything around him was bursting calmly into luxuriance.

Presently he got up, and after a pause took the footpath beneath the trees; his spirit felt large, but his body weak: it was as if he had drunk of the wine of life.

He realised how all his aspiration had come from the beauty manifest in Nature: that it had been so with all human creators for thousands of years, and would continue for thousands more: and that, yearn as he might, he could never equal nor even approach this beauty; still more, that the greatest ecstasy lay in breathing its spirit until oneself felt part of it, as he felt now.

With quickening steps he passed from beneath the trees and came to a field of pink and white irises, its central path leading to a geisha-house—a mansion of wood, with balconies hung thickly with blue wistaria. It was from here that the faint notes of music had emanated earlier. These sounds were now distinct; and, strange as they had seemed at other times, they accorded at this moment with his heart like the iris and the wistaria.

At the entrance to the house two shrivelled old women were seated chattering in the shadows thrown by the swaying paper lanterns overhead; these two women got up and bowed to him with smiles of recognition that revealed black teeth.

They had once been beautiful geishas.

Without a word from him one of them preceded him into the house. In the narrow corridors, which were panelled with native

art, they met shuffling little geisha novices in bird-like kimonos, who stepped aside with pretty deference . . . for this man had painted their beloved Fuji; also, he ate rice and could appreciate such delicacies as small live fish, and spoke more words than they knew.

Presently, he sat alone in the room of his favourite geisha. . . . waiting. The panels here were of blue and white storks, and of pink sunsets behind the mountain.

And at last Nami-ko came. She crept in through the half-drawn shutter, in her kimono traced with silk flowers, and her purple satin sash, with one white iris in her hair.

On her knees, so low she bowed her forehead almost touched the soft mats. Then she raised herself and looked at him out of narrow eyes which rarely betrayed the thoughts behind them. Nami-ko's slanting brows heightened the aloof expression of a pale, oval face with lips faintly carmined. Nami-ko stood above her art . . . she stooped to it. It was her bondage.

But this man pleased her. From the first he had shown no desire even to touch her hand. Thus, in his presence, new feelings passed into her bosom.

She offered him a piece of fresh fruit on the point of a silver blade, then wine in her little bowl; but he would not take either. Instead, he absorbed *her* . . . into his deep eyes.

She murmured something. Had he come through the wood . . . had he seen the cascade . . . was it full?

Still he only looked at her in his large, serene way.

Her eyelids drooped. Her heart began to beat a little faster. Her face sank. Her cheeks grew warm . . . pink: then her eyes lifted to his again and seemed to nestle there trustfully: and she got up and began to dance, slowly.

As he watched, it seemed to him that she approached someone, one foot forward in its white silk sock: her slim hands caught her sash and seemed to throw one loose end to catch another figure. Her slender arms slid out, and with face upturned in sweet supplication . . . she swayed.

He had heard of this dance before, but had never seen it.

It was Shinju.

It seemed as if she had challenged him . . . had invited him to take her to the Land of Flowers. . . .

He was standing, now.

As a last act there this Japanese girl turned to a small fern on the sill of the window and poured a drop of water on to it from a vase.

The two old women at the gate of the geisha-house bowed to the artist as he passed out, but stared and threw up their arms when Nami-ko followed. Then one of them ran forward and called to her to come back; but the other restrained her companion, and the old pair held on to each other, frightened, but making no noise.

Dawn was breaking.

The air was cool and refreshing. Dew lay on the iris-petals, and on the grass; and on the leaves of the trees rustling in the soft breeze.

The pair, filing through the wood, Nami-ko in front, had no thoughts: something had overflowed their souls. Once or twice Nami-ko may have felt the chill of the air, but she did not once turn until they were in the open, when she put her hand in her companion's, and they advanced thus to the edge of the pool.

There she lifted her eyes to his once more, as she had done in the geisha house, and he stood silent, facing her, whilst she unwound the long sash from her waist and took him into its coil. She put her hands on his shoulders . . .

And presently there is a ripple on the water . . . at the spot where the odour of musk is heaviest, and the stream is almost still; where a white owl sometimes flutters down to the waterside to drink and preen its feathers . . . with the cone of the mountain sparkling in a sunrise of rose and gold.

THE END.

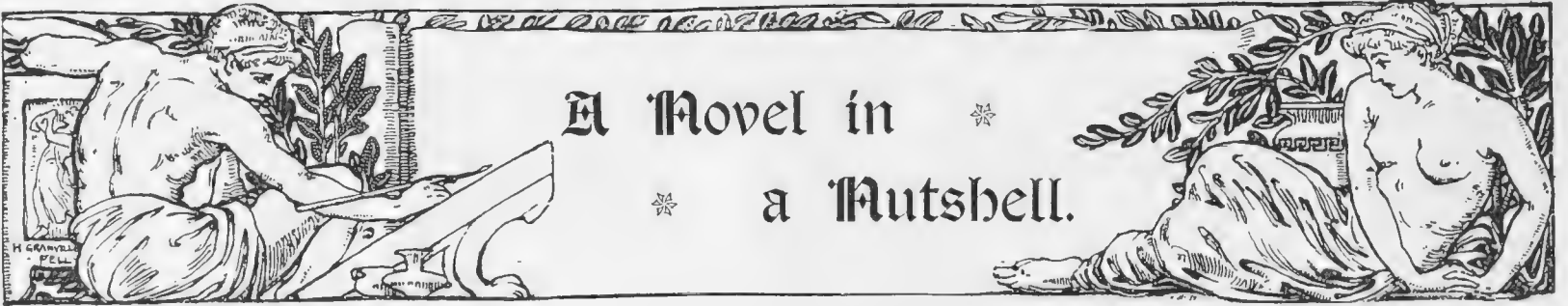
THE CONTINENTAL TIRE.



GILES: Young woman ain't a bad shape, Maria.

MARIA, HIS WIFE: M'yes; p'raps for 'em as likes those made-up French figgers. I like a nateral figger meself.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



THE HELPING HAND.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

I WAS just lighting my third cigarette when Gladys listlessly entered the room; she was clad in a cross between a tea-gown and kimono that left it to the imagination to decide whether she had just had tea or was just going to bed.

"Good evening," I said politely; "I'm glad to have seen you before I go."

"Oh, are you going? I thought you'd only just come."

"No," I said, "no; I've been here quite a long time. My waiting hasn't annoyed you, has it? What's that thing you've got wrapped round you—a bath-robe?"

"This?" She plucked languidly at her costume. "It's not meant to be anything, really."

"Well, it isn't much, is it? How did you enjoy your visit to Aunt Fanny?"

"Rotten!" she said. "I didn't go on a visit—I went as a punishment."

"Why," I cried, "what on earth had your Aunt Fanny been doing?"

"Aunt Fanny been doing?" repeated Gladys, staring. "What do you mean? Oh, I see; I suppose you think you've said something funny now. You know very well why I was sent away."

"Let me see—for encouraging young Cartwright, wasn't it?"

"I didn't encourage him. If mamma had ever been young herself she'd have known very well that a boy like Tommy Cartwright didn't want any encouraging. Why, I treated him just as if I were his sister."

"H'm," I said, for I had seen them together on one or two occasions, "I've got a couple of sisters myself—I wish you'd give them a few lessons. But about your Aunt Fanny's—I thought they'd got a millionaire chap staying with them. Wasn't he any good as a silver lining to the cloud you were under?"

"He was a very nice man," said Gladys warmly. "I don't care what anybody says. He was one of the nicest men I've met." She paused, and then resumed reflectively, "It wasn't so noticeable, really—being tall carried it off. You don't expect a tall man to go hopping about like a—like an ant."

"Ants don't hop," I mentioned; "it's not ants you're thinking of. What did being tall carry off?"

"His his—" She hesitated, and then made a sweeping, illustrative gesture.

"Bulk is a very good word," I said kindly. "So he was bulky, was he?"

"M'm," she assented, with a nod, "ever so. It wasn't that he ate such a lot, either. I think it must have been hereditary."

"It may have been," I agreed; "obesity knows no law. Well, if you didn't mind his being corpulent, what was the trouble?"

"That was the trouble. You see, he'd never gone into Society much, and he was—was—I hardly know the word to use."

"Shy?" I suggested—she had said she didn't know the word.

"N-o, not shy exactly—backward. That's the word, backward. I tried to bring him out. He'd never had any sisters to do it, or anything of that sort."

"So I suppose you treated him like a sister," I hinted, thinking of young Cartwright.

"Yes," said Gladys, flashing a demure glance at me; "but not his sister."

"You're shameless," I said severely. "But—go on, you're very interesting."

"I am, aren't I?" she assented, with a gratified smile. "Considering the chances I had, he got very fond of me."

"Chances you had!" I echoed. "What more do you want than a corpulent millionaire in a quiet country house?"

"You forget my cousins," she said sadly. "It was perfectly disgraceful the way they behaved. They would not let the man alone. Just think, five girls constantly chasing him about."

"Six," I said; "you're not counting yourself."

"I!" she said indignantly. "I wasn't chasing him about. I took him into corners and tried to protect him from the others."

"O-h-h," I said, "I see. I hadn't realised you were his Guardian Angel—his Sanctuary, so to speak."

"Don't trouble to smile in that silly way," said Gladys wearily; "just tell me when you've said anything sarcastic. One day we all went for a picnic."

"That was playing into your hands, wasn't it?"

"I did think so at first," she admitted frankly; "I'm rather good at picnics. But it was worse than ever. He stopped with Aunt and the hampers, the whole of the time."

"Why? I thought you said he was a small eater?"

"It wasn't the hampers or Aunt, that kept him there. You've forgotten his—what was the word? Oh, bulk. You've forgotten his bulk."

"What had his bulk to do with it?"

"Well, he couldn't clamber about the hills like the rest of us. So he stopped behind with Aunt."

"And, of course, you stopped too?"

"And have had all the others stop as well!" she said scornfully. "No, I thought of something better than that. I got them as far away as possible, and then, when it was getting late, I organised a game of hide-and-seek. I hid," she added, dropping her voice.

"It was ungenerous to tell me that—I could have guessed it. And then, I suppose, you doubled back as quickly as you could?"

"I did. I knew I shouldn't have more than a few minutes' start before they guessed what I was up to, so I ran as hard as ever I could."

"You couldn't hope to do much in a few minutes," I remarked; "not to mention the fact that your Aunt was there."

"I had time enough to do all I wanted to. We'd all driven up together in a wagonette, except Aunt; there wasn't room for her, and she had the governess-cart—you know, one of those little tub affairs, with a door at the back."

"I know," I said. "Well?"

"I suggested he and I should go back in the governess-cart."

"He was on it like a bird, eh?"

"Not a bird," said Gladys, with a reflective smile, "hardly like a bird, but he was very keen. I had to hustle him a bit, naturally, because I was afraid every minute the others would come up."

"Yes?" I said, as she paused with a gulp.

"You know how small these governess-carts are; he was so bulky he—he stuck. And then I heard the other girls coming up, and I—I—I didn't do anything really. I just put my hands on his back and—shoved." She regarded me with an injured air. "Don't you think it's absurd for a big, grown man to be so sensitive?"

"Sensitive?"

"Yes. It appeared he was very sensitive about his size, and he wouldn't speak to me all the way back. That's what one gets by lending a helping hand. I'm not going to be considerate any more."

"Judging from what I know of you," I observed, rising, "it's a habit you'll very easily break yourself of."

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

THRICE CHAMPION OF THE U.S.A.: "A VERY STRONG GOLFING PERSONALITY"; AND A CHESTNUT.

A Genius of the West.

Jerome D. Travers, of New Jersey, who has three times been amateur champion of the United States, and is generally expected to achieve the honour for the fourth time in a few days from now, is a very young but very remarkable man. He came to Britain once in search of the greatest championship honours of all, and did not by any means get them, but there are many wise people who think that if he came again it might be different. We have seen in recent times what some of the other Americans can do in competition with our best men, and there is no doubt that Mr. Travers is appreciably better than any other American amateur but one. Some say that Mr. "Chick" Evans is as good as he is, or better, but generally Eastern America swears by Travers, and some fervid natives will have it that he is the best amateur golfer in the world! He is certainly a very strong golfing personality, a most interesting subject to consider. And I have just been reading a book he has produced in which he tells us about himself, and what he does and thinks in the way of golf, and I am more interested in him than ever. He is very thorough and very independent, and those are two fine features in a golfer's disposition. Consider even the way in which he grips his club when driving and why. It is not like any other man's grip. "I grip the shaft firmly in the palm of my left hand and in the fingers of the right with both first fingers loose and the others very tight. The first fingers are almost entirely free from the shaft, with the tips resting on the leather curled inside the thumbs. Both thumbs are pressed firmly against the sides of the first joints of the second fingers, forming a locking device which prevents any possible turning of the shaft."

The Beginning of Travers.

And his justification for this peculiarity is that it permits greater freedom of the wrists and enables him to get greater power into the stroke without deflecting the head of the club from its proper sweep in the swing to the ball. As a matter of fact, he thinks he could not play the game if he grasped the club with all the fingers around the shaft as most players do; his whole left fore-arm and wrist would be so stiffened and rigid that he could not get any kind of a satisfactory snap into the stroke or a proper carry-through, and he tells you and me that if we will take a club in our hands and hold it firmly with all the fingers around the shaft and take a practice swing, and then try it with the first fingers relaxed in

the way he describes, we shall see how much more flexibility there is in his own way of gripping. In all this you get a glimpse of the individuality of Travers. This young man began life as a golfer when he was a child, and when he was a boy he laid out a three-hole course for himself on the front lawn of his father's house. The first hole was one of 150 yards. There was no real hole in the ground with a flag in it, but there was an oak-tree, and the game was to hit the tree, a flag-

pole being at the teeing-point. The tree was guarded by a bank about two feet high and a road, both of which made a very fine hazard, so he says. There were two other like holes, and he used to get up in the morning and play them before breakfast. Hour after hour he would make the circuit of his little course, and day by day he would work hard to lower the circuit of his three holes. At thirteen he began to play on a proper nine-holes course,

and soon after that the Americans knew that they had got something out of the ordinary in their young golfing stock. At one time Mr. Travers was bad in temperament, but he has schooled himself so well in this matter that now there is certainly not a man anywhere with a finer match-play temperament. I have seen many men win championships, but I have never seen such a cool, determined, grinding, crunching way of forcing victory after victory as I saw when he won his last one at Chicago last year. He hardly ever spoke, and I never saw him smile, but he was thinking very hard.

A Tale of Essex Falls.

But I wish these American gentlemen would not take all our oldest stories and deck them up afresh with stars and stripes. We are now informed that at a certain hole at Essex Falls, N. J. (such detail!), an old gentleman was playing with an old lady, and after the tee-shots had been played, some boys rushed out and placed both balls in the hole. You know the rest. The parties searched for them for some time, and then they found them where least expected. "'Great Scott! we both holed out in one!'" shouted the man. "'Great heavens! so we did!'" screeched the lady," and they ran off to tell their friends all about it. Was it not of the Alps at Hoylelake told? and was it not said that the parties were so liberal with hospitality to all the club afterwards that the villain of the plot forgot himself and gave the whole thing away? The "spreading chestnut tree," we remember, was of American growth.

HENRY LEACH.



GOLFMÄDCHEN: GIRL CADDIES OF THE DUCAL GOLF CLUB, OBERHOF IM THÜR.



AT THE FIRST TEE: PICTURESQUE GIRL CADDIES OF THE OBERHOF LINKS.

The Ducal Golf Club has a hilly and picturesque course, the nearest large town to which is Frankfort-on-the-Main. There are a hundred-and-fifty members; the season is from May to September; there is Sunday play, with caddies; and visitors are welcome. It was established in 1907.—[Photographs by Hohlwein.]



AN EXTRAVAGANZA : THE IRISH PLAYERS : AND A SORT OF SKETCH.

PAVLOVA has concluded her season, and Pavlova is not easy to replace. Mr. Alfred Butt, apparently, does not relish the idea of being charged with following in the footsteps of others, and so, in filling the gap with "I Should Worry," he is careful not to describe it as a revue, but entitles it "an irresponsible extravaganza." In spite of this precaution, the fact remains that it is a kind of revue, in that it consists of a series of turns—good, bad, and indifferent—strung together anyhow, and not connected by any vestige of plot—rag-time insinuating itself at intervals with a persistency that is not to be denied. Mostly attired in black and white, a large company goes through a variety of performances. The Christian names of the actors strike a pleasing note of intimacy.

in transit. However, the second essay is more successful than its predecessor. It is called "The Clancy Name," and is the work of Mr. Lennox Robinson. In the living-room of an Irish farmhouse we find the widow Clancy and her son John. She is deeply imbued with the spotlessness of the name of Clancy, and it is with joy that she has saved sufficient money to repay the sum she borrowed from two neighbours when her husband died. But her son is moody and distraught, so much so that we immediately guess, when a recent local murder is being discussed, that he is the culprit. He confesses to his mother, and announces his intention of giving himself up to the police; but she, determined that no blot shall deface the scutcheon of the Clancy family, induces him to keep silent. He leaves, and a few minutes afterwards is brought back dead, having sacrificed his life in order to save that of a small child. Here is the finger of Fate—the Clancy name is saved from disgrace. The part of the widow Clancy is played with fine intensity by Miss Sara Allgood, whose clearness of diction might well be emulated by some of her colleagues.

A Nondescript. The ways of the sketch-writer are truly wonderful, and almost equally wonderful is the confidence with which the artists tackle their productions. At the Tivoli the other evening, just before Mr. George Graves appeared in his entertaining "Koffo of Bond Street," I saw two performers, named Hayman and Franklin, in a production called "Cohen's



HATS AS TRUNKS: THE CURIOUS DRESSING ACT IN "I SHOULD WORRY," THE IRRESPONSIBLE EXTRAVAGANZA WITH MUSIC AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

There are included a Jake, a Tom, a Ben, and a couple of Jacks; while among the ladies is a Miss Bonnie Browning. The comedian who appears most frequently is Jake Friedman, who speaks in that peculiar Dutch dialect of which such a copious supply has in recent times been imported from the United States. He talks a very great deal indeed, and though much of his conversation brings no tender recollections of the humour of our early youth, he might be subjected to the process of cutting with no serious detriment to the piece. Another comedian who works hard is Tom Payne, who executes some acrobatic dancing, and contrives to extract some fun out of a jerry-built Garden City villa. A turn which goes well is provided by several ladies who come on attired in little else than big hats, from which they produce each a complete costume, including a parasol. But all these things occur without doing much to stimulate the audience, and it is only when Miss Marie Dainton is on the stage that the extravaganza justifies its existence. This talented lady gives an artistic touch to all she attempts, and makes enjoyable some not very noteworthy songs, while her impressions of the London music-hall stage, seen through the eyes of an old lady visitor, are quite delightful. I found a holiday house laughing merrily at Early-Victorian wheezes, and otherwise displaying satisfaction; but, on the whole, I do not envy the two young ladies whose duty it is to stand on the stage throughout the performance, night after night.

From Erin.

A second visit to the Irish Players at the Coliseum makes me think that they improve on acquaintance, though I cannot help still feeling that their methods are not adapted to so vast a building. The success they achieved at the little Court Theatre was no doubt perfectly justified, but it does not necessarily follow that it is to be repeated in such totally different surroundings. Long conversations, spoken with a determined brogue, are not likely to carry conviction in a house of the size of the Coliseum, and much of their purport is bound to be lost



"IT'S A SHAME TO TAKE THE MONEY": A POPULAR PICTURE ILLUSTRATED EIGHT TIMES OVER IN "I SHOULD WORRY," AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

With regard to the photograph of the dressing act, it should be noted that each line of the song describes the putting-on of stockings, shoes, corsets, hats, or gloves—and actions suit the words. The articles of dress required are stored in the hats until wanted. From left to right in the upper photograph are the Misses Joan Webb, Gladys Stuart, Marie Courtenay, Mabel Fenwick, and Doré Goy.

Mistake." It was very slight, and treated of a Semitic gentleman, who receives a call from a Semitic lady who is collecting subscriptions for an orphanage. He takes her to be a young woman to whom his son has become engaged, and the misunderstanding leads to a conversation in which *double entente* plays a considerable part, until he finally discovers his mistake. None of this is particularly surprising: it is, in fact, more or less what the lawyers call common form. The surprise is to follow. Without rhyme or reason the two suddenly break into a miscellaneous singing entertainment, drawing upon all kinds and varieties of popular songs for their material, not omitting, it is needless to say, several of the better-known rag-time ditties. The male performer also renders not a bad little song, entitled "Life's a Very Funny Proposition," on his own account. The whole thing is so inconsequent that one's breath is almost taken away as one endeavours to understand how it ever occurred to the human mind to do anything of the sort. It must, however, be acknowledged that the audience, largely recruited from the provinces, gave every sign of being satisfied. ROVER.



THREADING LABYRINTHINE TOWNS: A LANCIA FOUR-YEAR-OLD: BENZOL v. PETROL.

The R.A.C. Town Maps.

Perhaps the carping critics of the Royal Automobile Club and all its works will permit some credit for its enterprise in producing a series of town plans by which the motorist can thread his way through such aggregations without trouble or enquiry. Only the touring motorist passing through a town for the first time can realise how bewildering some of the through-routes are, and how confusing the directions frequently afforded him by those who live in the very place itself. Town maps, with the through-routes clearly shown and named, have already been published concerning Portsmouth and Southsea, Winchester, Salisbury, Brighton and Newhaven, and Southampton. Those of my readers who know Salisbury, for instance, are aware of the difficulty of getting through this city if driving from Bournemouth to London, or Southampton to Bristol. No fewer than four turns have to be made in the first case, and seven in the second. In the case of Winchester, approached from Alton, with Southampton as an objective, the city map would prove invaluable in getting through without delay. Any member or associate member can obtain one of these town maps from an R.A.C. Guide when one is posted outside the town.

What a Private Lancia Can Do.

More satisfactory testimony is to hand as to the qualities of cars as they develop in the hands of private owners, as opposed to performances by specially tuned-up vehicles in the hands of expert drivers! It is the attributes of such cars that are demonstrated in public hill-climbs, but in closed club events other and more informative results are sometimes obtained. This was certainly the case in connection with the Annual Hill-Climbing competition recently carried out by the Stanley Automobile Club at Northaw, where the principal prizes were carried off by a four-year-old Lancia (car, not horse) belonging to a private member, Mr. F. R. Goodwin. This car, which was put into the contest without any preliminary tuning-up—just, indeed, as she is driven day by day by her owner, and weighing 36 cwt.—succeeded in winning the Gold Medal for

shipped to this country, is subjected to a severe test on one or more of the Alpine passes.

To Reduce Running Costs.

Secretary of the

The motorist of moderate means, who is fain to knock pence, if possible, off his costs per mile, should address Mr. Stenson Cooke, the Petrol Substitutes Committee, at Farcum House, Whitcomb Street, London, W., enclosing postage for a copy of "Benzol and How to Use It," an interesting and valuable little work just issued by the above-named Committee. It is stated that with the majority of carburetters, benzol may be used equally as well as petrol. At the first trial the carburetter should not be altered, but if, after twenty miles or so, there are any signs of extra heating, some reduction should be made in the jet-aperture. At the completion of fifty miles or so a plug from one of the front, and a valve-cap from the rear, cylinders should be removed, and if there is anything in the nature of a sooty deposit it is desirable that the jet-aperture should be further reduced. These operations should be repeated at the end of a hundred miles, and so on, until the correct fuel-feed is obtained. The jet-reductions should, of course, be very slight each time.

Tips re Benzol.

Further, it is stated as a fact that the employment of benzol will actually stop knocking in nearly all cases of engines prone to knock on petrol. This is, of course, a very satisfactory feature of this fuel, but it brings a danger in its train. It may induce the driver to hang on to top speeds on hills much longer than is desirable owing to the absence of the warning knock, so those who come to use benzol should remember to change down at the speeds they have been accustomed to do when using petrol. I am, however, somewhat surprised to read that the prevalent idea that an extra air-valve is needed when benzol is used is not correct, at least, with the later forms of carburetters. It is preferable, it is said, to reduce jet-delivery with the same air-inlet. The level of the benzol in the float-chamber, and consequently in the jet, or jets, should be a little higher than with petrol,



TO LESSEN THE PERILS OF THE AIR AND THE RACING TRACK: A PATENT SAFETY HELMET FOR AIRMEN AND MOTORISTS.

This helmet, designed by Mr. F. Weston, of Greenwich, is made of light, strong steel covered with leather, and well padded and lined with silk. It has adjustable shoulder-supports to protect the neck.

Photograph by Wiedhoft.



THE MACHINE ON WHICH AN AIRMAN HAS PERFORMED A STEP-DANCE: THE V-SHAPED DUNNE BIPLANE, WHICH FLIES "UNCONTROLLED."

The biplane invented by Lieutenant Dunne, on which M. Félix recently crossed the Channel, possesses such automatic stability that the pilot can let go the controls, and write, sketch, or take photographs as he flies. It is said that one airman has performed a step-dance on the driving-seat. Lieutenant Dunne's work is the more remarkable as he suffers from heart-weakness, an after-effect of pneumonia contracted while flying in a fog.

Photograph by Topical.

fastest time (59 1-5 sec., beating the next best by 5 1-5 sec.), and also winning the handicap on formula, so securing the Fifty Guinea Challenge Cup for the best all-round performance. It should be noted in this connection that every Lancia chassis, before being



THE TRIUMPH OF THE "SACKED" INVENTOR: LIEUTENANT DUNNE'S BIPLANE, WHICH HAS GIVEN REMARKABLE PROOF OF AUTOMATIC STABILITY.

Speaking the other day of his dealings with the War Office in 1908, Lieutenant Dunne said: "Cody and I were both sacked at the same time," for the authorities had then lost confidence in aeroplanes. Since the recent achievements of the Dunne biplane, however, the Government has ordered two machines. Those built to-day are said to be practically the same as that rejected in 1908.

Photograph by Topical.

and this can be effected by slightly weighting the float. The Committee asserts that with benzol from 12 per cent. to 15 per cent. more power is obtainable, and an increase of something in the nature of 20 per cent. more mileage per gallon, than when petrol is used.



STUDLEY Royal is again justified of its name. It gave last week, as it has given for many seasons, royal sport to royalty.

It is only four years since Lord Ripon succeeded his father, but he represents a long connection with Kings and their game-shooting. His party, too, stands for the continuity of the friendships of the gun. The people assembled at Studley Royal numbered, all told, no more than a dozen. Lord and Lady Derby, Lord

Herbert Vane - Tempest, the Hon. John and Mrs. Ward, Mr. and Lady Juliet Duff, Mrs. Sneyd and the Marquis de Soveral, with Sir Frederick Ponsonby and Captain Godfrey-Faussett in attendance on the King, made up the party. It is in such limited circles that the secret as to the identity of the best shot in England is made known, and to a certain extent kept.

Tips. With the

filling of bags comes, as some maintain, an emptying of purses. Tips are very fearful things to the inexperienced; and it is the young man who is generally responsible for them in their more extravagant forms. If the notice, "No tips," is really to be found in the bedrooms of country houses (it has been

seen by few) it exists only for the guest who is on a maiden visit, and recklessly anxious to do the right thing. "I keep on halving every

year," was an old hand's answer to a query on the vexed point. There are, probably, wiser principles on which to work than that. Both Lord Derby and Lord Ripon have strong views on the subject and have put them into a form easily ascertained by anyone who comes up against the problem at Studley Royal or Knowsley. But

there is some sense behind the sinister scheme of halving. It represents the growing feeling of the day, which is all against paying monstrous tribute to keeper or groom. Moderation is the only safe rule—to avoid on the one

hand the dispersal of "fivers," and, on the other, the attitude of the noble lord who regularly puts a halfpenny in the plate on Sundays, on the plea that any coin fulfils his share in the ritual of the Church Service.

The Bailey Babe. Lady Bailey, who gave birth to a daughter last week, does not figure largely in "Things I Can Tell," by her

father, Lord Rossmore. But, being a great horse-woman, with a dash of Westera daring in and out of the saddle, she has a place in his stock of anecdotes; and both she and his new granddaughter, who has an adventurous father as well as mother, should make history in a final volume of more tellable things.

Lady Bailey married Sir Abe in 1911: it is natural that the new infant should be called Babe Bailey.

At Wynyard Park.

Lord Londonderry, with the taste of Harrogate waters still in his mouth, has gone to Wynyard Park, there to meet Lady Londonderry. For the time being they are both busy with guests for the Redcar and Stockton Race Meetings; but Wynyard Park is not maintained solely for the advantage of friends: Lord and Lady Londonderry will themselves enjoy its amenities for the rest of the year. The idea that a country house is a place to stay, not at, but away from as often and as much as possible, governs the whereabouts of the majority of people who have a house in London, favourite hotels in every other European capital, a shooting box in Scotland, and a villa on the Mediterranean.

But Lord and Lady Londonderry are not such gad-about as the average man and woman of their acquaintance; and it is probable that they will stay at Wynyard Park more or less constantly till the New Year.



ENGAGED TO MR. NATHAN MUTCH: MISS EILEEN ARBUTHNOT LANE.

Miss Eileen Arbuthnot Lane is the youngest daughter of Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, the distinguished surgeon, and of Lady Lane, of 21, Cavendish Square. Her father is Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, and Senior Surgeon to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. Her mother was formerly Miss Charlotte Briscoe, of London.

Photograph by Thomson.



ENGAGED TO MISS EILEEN ARBUTHNOT LANE: MR. NATHAN MUTCH

Mr. Mutch is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Mutch, of Rochdale.



A WELL-KNOWN LADY BALLOONIST WITH HER PET: MRS. JOHN DUNVILLE AND HER SOUTH AMERICAN LEMUR.

Photograph by Bassano.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT JOHN MCAUSLAND DICKSON TO-DAY (AUGUST 20): MISS JEAN LOGAN.

Miss Logan is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Logan, R.G.A., and of Mrs. Logan, of Portsmouth.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN FREDERICK ST. JOHN ATKINSON: MISS LORNA HEWETT.

Miss Hewett is the younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Hewett, of 3, Lennox Gardens. Her father is famous for his excellent work in India. Captain Atkinson, of the 9th Hodson's Horse, Indian Army, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Atkinson, of 60, Ashley Gardens.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MISS JEAN LOGAN TO-DAY (AUGUST 20): LIEUTENANT JOHN MCAUSLAND DICKSON.

Lieutenant Dickson, R.G.A., is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, of Bellfield, Banbridge, Co. Down.

Photograph by Swaine.



THE WEDDING OF MISS IVY DERING AND MR. RUPERT MURRAY, OF THE SEAFORTHS: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING PLUCKLEY CHURCH, KENT.

The wedding of Miss Ivy Maud Dering, eldest daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Dering, of Surrenden-Dering, near Ashford, Kent, and Mr. Rupert Murray, Seaforth Highlanders, son of the late Colonel and Mrs. Gostling Murray, took place the other day at Pluckley.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Ethics of Bathing.

Do not suppose, you who stop at home in English watering-places, that the ritual of bathing is not surrounded by all sorts of ethical complications here on the Brittany coast. For we are not an elegant *plage*, with Young Persons from Paris disporting themselves, in exiguous garments, upon the shore, but an honest village by the sea, where the provincial citizen brings his family once a year for three weeks. It is true that one or two dazzling French celebrities also haunt the village street and can be seen, occasionally, at the post-office, or slipping in at the garden gate of white villas which give on to distant St. Briac; but on the whole, as to the French visitors, we are all that is most "respectable" in the Gallic sense of the word. Madame, her mother, and her sister-in-law sit all the morning under a striped tent and crochet interminable yards of insertion. Monsieur—in khaki-coloured alpaca, a blue foulard tie, and the kind of straw hat affected by German bakers—assiduously reads the *Petit Journal*; and Bébé (there are sometimes two) does prodigious feats with a spade and greets the oncoming tide with shrill exclamations of joy and terror. And when they bathe, they do so swiftly, and *en masse*, and never indulge in the vagaries of the English visitors. At the precise moment recommended by the physician, behold them, somewhat exaggerated of contour—except Bébé, who is apt to be attenuated—emerge from their bathing-huts, and march down to the shore. Once in, they dip the required number of times, Monsieur, perhaps, indulging in a short swim, after which they all leave the sea, drink a quinine cordial, and rapidly emerge again dressed and in their right minds.

Mais les Angliches !

I am not quite sure if we are still called *les Angliches* since the growing fervour of the *Entente*, but there is no doubt that our manners and customs on the shore of a morning—which we have borrowed of late from America—considerably scandalise the good *bourgeois* from prosperous Brittany towns. For, behold these curious English assembling in groups in their *peignoirs*, sitting or lying on the sands, conversing and smoking cigarettes. Sometimes it is half-an-hour before the whole party have assembled and are ready to go into the sea; meanwhile these *effrontés* continue to joke and laugh, attired only in their bathing-dresses and *peignoirs*. This, according to the ethics of Nantes or Vannes, constitutes almost a public scandal. Then, behold *les Angliches*—boys and girls—sally down to the salt waves, dive, turn somersaults from the board which they have specially erected, and swim out incredible distances—almost, indeed, within landing-distance of the beautiful island which lies out on our left. Moreover, these shameless islanders, when young and curly, sometimes emerge from the sea, and take to racing up and down the shore, for all the world like figures on a Greek bas-relief, and then plunge into the blue-green waves again, as if, forsooth, such

vagaries were part of everyday deportment. Truly, say the crochetting ladies within their tents, these *Angliches* are an amazing people; a people who invade their country at this season of the year, but make the shore their own with their incredible gaiety.

Young Jules and Young Jean.

For, unlike Reggie and Richard, young Jules and Jean are serious youths, weighted down at twenty with the cares and responsibilities of life, with the amazing "stiffness" of their examinations, with filial attentions to their parents, with that patriotism which has induced them to give up three years of their young lives to military service. Not rosy are the prospects of Jules or Jean in ordinary circles. The eyes of the intelligent young Frenchman—indeed, the eyes of the French child—are curiously old in expression. They seem to have seen all sorts of worldly happenings for quite two thousand years. They do not laugh like English boys—or, at least, not at the same things—and of our insular "casualness" and pertness they have hardly a trace. There are not nearly so many openings for ambitious boys in France as in the Anglo-Saxon world; life is narrower and more circumscribed; the Bureaucrat is everywhere, and in marriage there is no romance. So Jean and Jules are a little grave, a trifle reticent, according to our ideas, nor do they make the pursuit of games the serious preoccupation of their lives.

Celebrities and the Sea.

There is no doubt that the French author, dramatist, and actor are strangely drawn to the sea. In England you seldom see world-famous men making sand-pies on the shore, shrimping, or enjoying all the unconventionalities of the summer *villegiature* by the waves. Yet in our quaint little Brittany village there are, every summer, two or three men who can draw all Paris to some theatre on the Boulevard, or who can set all Europe talking about a book. They seldom go, these famous ones, to worldly places like Dieppe or Dinard, but like to disappear into some *trou* in Brittany, where none but English are there to gaze upon them or disturb their privacy. For they fondly suppose, these celebrities, that the English visitor has never heard of their existence, and they will even show themselves in the village street and at the post-office for the



IN A BIG GAME SHADE : A FROCK OF ELEPHANT-GREY TAFFETAS.

This is a graceful frock of "elephant-grey" taffetas, with the corsage in white tulle and Venetian point lace. The skirt has an over-drapery gathered into a sash of black velvet at one side, and opened on the other over a hip-yoke of Venetian point lace. The hat worn with this dress is made of grey velvet trimmed with black paradise plumes.

foreigner to behold. It is true that the modish actresses are mostly to be seen at Trouville, and appear in the Rue de Paris at five o'clock in the afternoon with touching punctuality. But this is part of the show, of the *réclame* which they consider necessary to their profession, and the brief fortnight of the Deauville Races suffices for this exhibition. I am quite sure that for the rest of the summer the beautiful Mlle. Trois-Etoiles will be content to crochet beneath a striped tent, eat the omelettes and bread of chance farmhouses, and lead the life of the ordinary French *bourgeoise* when she sojourns by the sea.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 27.

THE BALKAN PEACE.

IT is now clear that, for the present at all events, peace is assured in the Balkans, and that the Treaty of Bucharest will not be revised. This is certainly satisfactory, as far as it goes, and has sufficed to impart a very much more cheerful tone in financial circles throughout Europe.

On the other hand, the actual terms leave very much to be desired: Roumania, considering the small part she played, and Greece clearly come off best; whilst the Bulgarians, after bearing the heat and burden of the day, come off badly—even when allowance is made for their own folly.

For many years past the Balkans have been a continual menace to the peace of Europe, and when this war broke out last year everyone hoped that it would result in a definite and permanent settlement of the whole problem. King Ferdinand's manifesto plainly showed that, as far as Bulgaria is concerned, such is not the case; and in conversation with one of the leading merchants of Constantinople, who has just arrived in London, we were assured that the feeling out there is that the present peace is merely a temporary and patched-up affair.

Therefore are we disappointed over the peace terms, and therefore, also, are we inclined to advise a cautious attitude towards the loans which will shortly be offered on behalf of the various States concerned. Much of the money will only go to repay advances made by Paris banks, and we understand that steps will be taken to prevent more than a small proportion of the remainder being expended upon armaments. But if, as we believe, there is a probability, or even a possibility, of another war in the not far-distant future, the terms will have to be attractive indeed if they are to counterbalance the risk attached. The prices of the existing stocks cannot possibly be considered as a reliable guide, as they have, without a doubt, been supported by the same Paris banks which were practically financing the belligerents.

THE MARCONI REPORT.

Neither we ourselves, nor our grandfathers, nor our great-grandfathers, nor any other ancestors possess shares in this or any other Marconi Company. We have no free-calls, put-options, nor call-options, and we don't propose to acquire any!

Having made this gratuitous and entirely unnecessary statement in order to comply with the prevailing fashion, we can proceed to consider the long and interesting Report itself.

"Confidence, born of success," according to the *Financial Times*, is the predominant note, and, in so far as concerns the letterpress, we quite agree. The directors, as always, are extremely optimistic, and equally reticent. The profit and loss account makes a good showing, as the gross profits increased by £322,800 to £537,200, and the net profit comes out at £413,300.

That is the sum total of the information afforded by this account. How much of the total is made up of profits on Stock Exchange transactions we do not know. The suggestion has been made that the £100,000 transferred to reserve represents all that has been made in this manner. Frankly, we do not believe it; but, in any case, it is clearly impossible to form a reliable opinion of the Company as a commercial concern without knowing what proportion of the gross profits has been genuinely earned, and what proportion is due to the directors' manipulation of the share markets.

The best feature of the balance-sheet is the large amount of liquid resources available on Dec. 31, which amounted to £278,000; but the manner in which the shares of subsidiary Companies are dealt with is hopelessly unsatisfactory.

The directors are highly indignant because it has been suggested that they write up their investments, and now point out that all shares are taken in at cost price, while the par value is shown in the margin. Nothing, however, is said about the market value, which, after all, is the important point.

The Report is better than we expected, but the information is so scanty that we hesitate to advise anyone to hold the shares.

FOREIGN RAILWAY NOTES.

It is now openly stated that the next coupon on the Mexico North-Western First Mortgage Bonds will not be met. The course of events in Mexico has been very much what we anticipated, and the bondholders must now be feeling pretty sore at having agreed to forego their prior rights when the 6 per cent. Prior Lien Bonds were issued in February. "It is a long lane that has no turning"; but we fear holders of this security will find the way both long and dusty before they come to it.

On several occasions last year we recommended the Common Stock of the International Railways of Central America as a promising speculative lock-up. Then came the Balkan trouble, and, although this class of security was among the most severely affected, the price did not drop more than 5 or 6 points, but the subsequent stringency in the Money Market had a much more serious effect, and the price at one time fell below 17. The progress of the railway

during the last year has, however, been entirely satisfactory, and although no dividend is likely for some time to come, about 2 per cent. is being earned on the Common Stock, which is now quoted at 21. The interest on the 5 per cent. Debentures is covered about three times over, and they cannot, therefore, be considered overvalued at their current price of 82.

The Canadian Pacific results for the year ending June 30 do not show quite as large an expansion in net earnings as had been hoped, but nevertheless the figures are splendid. Gross earnings from steamship and railway lines were 139,396,000 dols. against 123,320,000 dols. for the previous twelve months; working expenses, however, were exceedingly heavy, and at 93,150,000 dols., showed an increase of 13,128,500 dols. Net earnings amounted to 47,491,400 dols., and, in addition, a sum of 6,598,000 dols. was received from interest on deferred instalments of land sales, etc. Taken together, the Company's income represents over 16 per cent. on the Common stock. With regard to the present crops, the latest advices point to a bumper yield all round, especially in the Western provinces; and all the Canadian railways, therefore, can look forward to a very busy time.

Guayaquil and Quito Bonds have enjoyed a sharp rise during the last few days, and are now quoted at 61½, against the last make-up price, on Aug. 12, of 58½. The Government of Ecuador have been regularly remitting amounts in excess of those actually required to meet the current interest on the Bonds. The interest and amortisation of the Prior Lien Bonds have already been provided for up to the end of the year, and, in addition, £37,597 has been sent over to this country towards the £56,200 required for the half-year's interest of the First Mortgage Bonds. Thus something less than £19,000 is still required, and we therefore look for the payment of another coupon in about two months' time.

San Paulo Ordinary stock has been marked up during the last few days upon a revival of rumours that the Company is about to enter into some agreement with the Brazilian Government. We have failed to get any confirmation of this tale, and feel inclined to doubt its probability. On the other hand, we consider an even higher price is fully justified by intrinsic merits of the stock. And there is always the possibility that the present rumours may turn out to be, at all events, an intelligent anticipation.

THE PEKIN SYNDICATE.

The Pekin Syndicate is apparently making another attempt to interest investors in the shares, and a circular has been issued giving details regarding the development of the Company's undertakings.

An expert, after examining the coal proposition, has reported that the Jameisen coal is excellent for domestic purposes, and may be used for boilers if the latter are fitted with special grates. Up to the present, however, results have been so decidedly poor that we are convinced that something is radically wrong with the management, and we hear also that it is impossible to get more than a very small proportion of the coal out in lumps—something over 85 per cent. consisting of smalls and slack.

The bulk of the shares are held in France, and we strongly advise any readers who hold either Pekin Syndicate or Shansi shares to sell them. We see no reason, even after reading the circular, to think that results will be any better in the future than they have been during the last ten years. A group of coal-mines, near Hankow, are now being economically worked by the Chinese themselves, so the Pekin Syndicate have that additional competition to face.

The establishment of the Banque Industrielle de Chine was only completed at the beginning of June, so it is too early to speculate as to results, but, if we remember rightly, the prospectus was not a particularly attractive document—and we imagine very few of the shares were applied for over here.

No one in China believes in the Syndicate, or would hold the shares, and people there are in a better position to judge than anyone in this country.

Saturday, Aug. 16, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

VAPID.—Your friend is quite wrong in his statements, and we consider it reprehensibly reckless to give you such advice. Leave the shares alone.

W. B.—(1) We should sell, and buy Great Western Ordinary, or, if you want a higher yield, Domingo Tombas 6 per cent. Debentures. (2) You can hold. (3) We think the exchange would be profitable; at present price Midland Deferred yields 5½ per cent.

S. O. M. T.—Given time, your Foreign Railway Bond should recover to the price you mention, but you realise that it is not a gilt-edged security, don't you? With regard to the other Bond, we are a little uncertain. So much depends upon the bus earnings, and these, we believe, are lower than last year. The market, however, looks good, and you may see your price again.

SPLUTTER.—Your letter arrived too late for us to make sufficient inquiries, but we will reply in our next issue.

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

The Flight North.

Last week hundreds and hundreds of people were flying North, generally through the night: for there is no such miser of time as your true pleasure-seeker. I came up by night myself, not so much to save time as to secure a compartment to ourselves, because we had three Jap spaniels and a Pek. with us, all of them good and tried travellers, but better out of the way of two-legged travellers other than their owners, who are, after all, the only people who can be expected to suffer them gladly. It is quite a sight to see the dogs out for a run in the morning. We got off in the first portion of our train, and made short stops everywhere; but at Aviemore Junction there were ten minutes, when all the dogs emerged—pointers, setters, Scotch and Highland terriers, a Pom. or two, an Italian greyhound more than usually shivery. Each canine traveller regarded each other canine traveller with suspicion mingled with aversion—not at all unlike the ways of human travellers. The talk was all of birds—where the prospects were good, and where they were not; what kind of season it was going to be all round. At every station, from Perth to Inverness, we shed passengers, dogs, baggage, including gun-cases, rods, baskets, and golf-clubs: women looking little the worse for the night in the train; men looking bright and eager—quite a different expression on their faces from the town ones.



MISS MARY ISLES HENSMAN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. FRANK G. LAKE WAS ARRANGED FOR AUG. 16. The bride is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boswell Hensman, of Acton. Mr. Frank Lake, of 4, Waverton Street, Mayfair, is a son of the late Mr. F. G. Lake, of Slough.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

The North for Sunshine.

It has been the sunny North rather than the sunny South this year. There has been no rain in Sutherlandshire, save a rare and refreshing shower, for close upon two months; and during July the days were so bright and sunny that people who were up here then are burnt as brown as if they had been in the tropics. Our weather now is ideal: day after day silvery clouds and light breezes with occasional bursts of sunshine. The men who were out on the hills on the Twelfth came back delighted—a pleasanter day they had never spent, and the bags were not too bad either, for disease had done far

less damage up here than in the South. One crumpled rose-leaf there was. The flies! An old man said he could now quite understand why the Devil had come to be called the father of flies, for more temptations insects he had never met: he nearly shot a fellow-gun by brandishing his own in protest against the buzzing throng round his head! There is no salmon or trout angling, as the rivers and lochs are so low. The golf courses are also considerably burnt, and we are quite pleased with a rare shower. I was up high on the hills yesterday, and never do I remember them so dry—not even in Coronation year, when it was very hot up here. They are slippery from dryness and need wary walking.

The Duchess of Fife's Trousseau.

For the royal wedding, which is to inaugurate an early autumn season, preparations are going on apace. The trousseau is to be by no means on an extravagant scale. The days when a bride was provided with heaps of dresses, coats, hats and bonnets, and all manner of articles for personal wear are past: fashions change, and no girl cares to have a whole lot of frocks at once—she gets tired of them before she wears them. The young Duchess has always been a simple and very quiet dresser, and is little likely to alter on her marriage. No embargo has been laid upon the modistes who are preparing her trousseau to use only things of British manufacture. A very large consignment has been ordered in Scotland, for the Duchess is a keen Scotswoman. The Princess Royal has always been a very steady employer of the firms that have worked for her, and to them is entrusting her daughter's trousseau. The wedding-dress has not yet been decided upon, but I hear that a brocade, in which the badge of the Macduff Highlanders plays a conspicuous part, is under favourable consideration. The badge is boxwood, the sprig of which is very pretty. The Macduff tartan will also figure largely in the Duchess's trousseau. The dress tartan is very handsome—green, blue and black checks on a red ground.

The Cure at Home.

We can have most things done for us nowadays, and one of the most recent achievements of science is a process combining all that is best in the greatest Spas in the world for concentrated use in the individual home. The preparation thus contrived is called "Zone Salt," and is in granular form, producing a most pleasant, sparkling drink which has a very cleansing and beneficent effect on the system. It is a tonic to the nerves and to the digestive organs; and it is sugar-free, so that diabetics can use it freely. For average people in average health it provides a splendid way of keeping fit at a small cost—a morning draught of Zone Salts, of which a large bottle costs only 1s. 6d. It is excellent for rheumatism and gout, and is sold by chemists. Messrs. Kerfott and Co., Dept. 8, Bardsley Vale, Lancashire, will send a sample bottle for 1s. 9d., which will give our readers a chance to try this pleasant and useful tonic.



TO MARRY MR. EDWARD LAMBERT GOSLING: MISS OLIVETTE HUGHES.

Miss Olivette Hughes is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hughes, of Hillsborough, Northam, North Devon. Mr. E. L. Gosling, of 113, Mount Street, W., and Winslow, Bucks, is a son of the late Mr. Francis Gosling and Mrs. Gosling, of Wellbury, Herts.

Photograph by Thomson.



ENGAGED TO MR. HARRY WALL: MISS G. FINNEY.

Miss G. Finney is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Finney, of Queen's Gate Gardens. Mr. Harry Wall is the eldest son of the late Mr. S. Wade Wall, barrister-at-law, and Mrs. Wade Wall.—[Photograph by Lungfer.]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN L. R. SCHUSTER: MISS AUDREY M. C. BRUCE.

Miss Audrey Bruce is a daughter of the late Mr. Alan Cameron Bruce-Pryce, of Monkash, Glamorgan, and of Mrs. Bruce-Pryce, of Abbeyholme, Cheltenham. Captain L. R. Schuster is in the King's Regiment.—[Photograph by Swanwick.]

NOTES FROM THE HEATHERLAND.

WE had motored up to the edge of the moorland; it was the Twelfth, and a fine day at that. The gamekeeper, with a brace of dogs, was waiting to meet us, and in the car a promising luncheon-basket—wide, deep, and heavy—spoke silently of a glad hour to come. But we brought neither guns nor cartridges, though the moors we overlooked are leased by my host, who had driven me and another friend in the car. The programme was a walk over the moorland, up the quaint hills that shadow it, and round by another road to the cottage, where in years past we have gathered in August to lunch at ease after a morning's sport. Last August, when I could not accept the invitation to join the party, sport was excellent, and the bag the best in ten years. This year it had been decided not to shoot for another month at least, and our walk was taken to justify the decision—not that either of his visitors had questioned their host's wisdom.

At first sight there seemed to be little or no grounds for complaint. I have never seen the heather and bracken looking better than they did, and there was not only a plentiful growth, but it was very strong. Later in the morning we came across a few patches of withered heather that told of the visit of the heather-beetle, but they were small and might have been overlooked had not the keeper stridden out of the path, raised his stick, and uttered the one word, "Come," which he pronounced "Koom." We did as we were told, and saw, clearly enough, that the heather-beetle had been at work. By that time we had walked right across my friend's high-ground shootings, and though we kept a wide line, had raised nothing that was fit for the gun save a couple of old cock-grouse and a few barren pairs. The coveys we came across were obviously late second-brood birds—"cheepers," in short—and will not be fit to shoot until September is far advanced, and then only if the weather be favourable. The keeper told us, for the third or fourth time, of the tragedy of the first hatch: how the young birds perished from the effects of cold and wet, and how the succeeding broods are considerably smaller than the first. In his opinion there are not nearly as many birds on the moors now, in middle August, as there were at the end of last September, when the guns went south after a splendid season. His indignation, though expressed in very few words, was profound. Nature had not only been unfair, but had shown its indifference to the shooting-season by sending a spell of fine weather as soon as it was of little or no use to the birds. He spoke as though full of dark suspicions of somebody or something; perhaps, as he is an ardent Tory, he suspects the Chancellor of the Exchequer of conspiring with the Clerk of the Weather.

But the irony of Nature was obvious enough to all. In the winter and the spring there were hundreds of famished grouse and little heather that was fit to eat; now there was more heather than I have seen on the moor, and not enough grouse to justify us in bringing guns to the moorlands on the Twelfth of August. We recalled the years when birds have been plentiful, and the Twelfth has broken wet and cold, so that the making of a bag has been accomplished under the worst possible conditions; now the day was fine and sunny, the heat tempered by a light breeze—ideal shooting weather—and we had nothing to shoot. But, bad as things were, our host told us that some of his neighbours are in worse plight, for, in addition to the loss of first-broods, they have the disease among the birds, and have picked up hundreds. It has been a splendid year for the strongyle-worm, that causes grouse disease, and many moors all over the country are thoroughly infected. Cure is unknown. Nature sends the worm and takes it away, always leaving enough to provide a further epidemic when she thinks fit.

It would be interesting to have a map of the grouse country showing the infected areas, for, as far as can be gathered, there are isolated patches right in the middle of infected areas where grouse wintered well, bred well, reared large and healthy, and are now in first-class condition. Whether this is because some land does not encourage the worm that produces grouse disease, remains an unsolved problem; but it is worth remarking that on moors near enough to the sea to catch the salt spray, disease is almost unknown.

Happily, there is much stimulus in a long tramp across heather, up hills where the blue hare thrives, and down on another track by the side of a brawling stream. Such exercise reduces trouble to a minimum, and creates a feeling of affectionate interest in the luncheon-basket, to which every yard covered brings you nearer. And when that basket, being reached in the end, is found to have yielded much desirable treasure to a well-appointed table, there is a truce to disappointment. Even when lunch is a thing of the past and you can lie at full length on warm heather to smoke the pipe of peace, the presence or absence of grouse ceases to be a matter of the first importance. It is only when home is reached that one remembers how unnecessary it was to travel hundreds of miles to take a pleasant walk with a good lunch at the end of it. B.

"Had I not heard of Validol, I never should have seen England." Such was the statement of an Australian lady who for years had been prohibited from enjoying the pleasures of travel through the discomfort produced by sea-sickness. Validol is a pleasant and safe remedy for *mal-de-mer*, and claims to open the door of travel to all, no matter how much affected by the motion of the sea.

GOOD LIGHT

CAR LIGHTING BY ELECTRICITY.

GOOD LIGHT—when you've got it—is not everything. It must be of such a nature that it will *not fail you*. Further, the value of *great distance power* of head lamps is tremendously increased when the rays are so scientifically diffused that the sides of the road are also beautifully illuminated—an enormous advantage to the man at the wheel.

G. A. VANDERVELL & CO. Electrical Engineers,
WARPLE WAY, ACTON, LONDON, W.

DISPELS-NIGHT

ESTD. 1850.
London, Dublin, & Cork.

Elvery's

WEATHER COATS FOR HOLIDAY TRAVEL.

"ELVERY'S have, for years, been experimenting to try and waterproof a really super-quality silk of very light weight, and at last the thing has been done. The silks are of remarkably *rich* colouring—each coat has collar and cuffs of black waterproofed Satin, and the whole design is very graceful, as the illustration shows. And the most wonderful part of all this is the moderate price Elvery's ask for this exclusive speciality of theirs—only 3 Gns. for a Coat of shot Silk, while 2 Gns. will secure a Waterproof Coat of plain Silk. The shot colourings include purple and black, night blue and black, wine colour and black, etc."

Visitors to London will find the latest Coats in reliable rainproofs and guaranteed Storm-coats at fixed moderate prices.

TAILOR-MADE RAINPROOFS, 35/6 TO 63/-

Coats sent on approval. Kindly state height and bust measurement.

J. W. ELVERY & CO., Ltd.,
"ELEPHANT HOUSE,"
31, Conduit Street, London, W.
(One door from New Bond Street.)
Also at 46 and 47, Lower Sackville Street, and 34, Nassau Street, Dublin; and 78, Patrick Street, Cork.

Silk Coats and Rainproofs.

Feed the Nerves!

Phospho-Cacao



Free Sample Posted free from Phospho-Cacao Co., 59-61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

Food, not stimulus, with its reactionary "letdown," is what cures fagged brains, exhausted nerves and indigestion. For this reason Phospho-Cacao is recommended by the medical profession.

Sold at Selfridges, Harrods, Whiteleys, &c., and at all Boots Branches. Price 2/6. Free sample from any of the above, or posted free upon receipt of 1d. stamp from Phospho-Cacao Co., 59-61, New Oxford St., London, W.C.

A CLEAN SHAVE

KROPP RAZOR

A PLEASURE TO USE

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING

BLACK HANDLES 5/6

EACH RAZOR IN A CASE.

By the Special Process which the "KROPP" Razor undergoes in manufacture, EXACTNESS and EQUABILITY OF TEMPER and TEXTURE are assured, rendering the Daily Shave a Luxury.

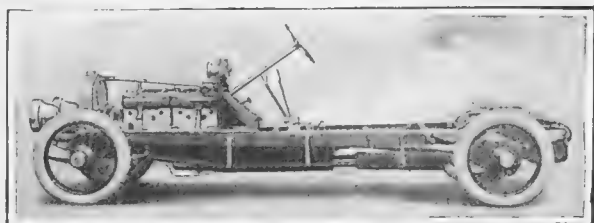
Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

IVORY HANDLES 7/6

£1000 INSURANCE. See below.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Society Silhouettes; The Shooting-Snapshot Season; Royal Joy-Riding—H.R.H.'s Switching at Earl's Court; New Thrills for Side-Showites; A Countess who Counts—Lady Poulett; Bathing Dresses—Skirted and Unskirted; Australian Bathing-Girls; Little Miss Muff-it—Mlle. Dormeuil in "J'Adore Ca"; A Suffragette's Trousers; A Famous Lady Golfer on the Halls—Miss Edith Leitch; Training Horse and Rider at the Cavalry School at Saumur.



A 30-50 h.p. Armstrong-Whitworth Chassis.

ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH

Builders of Dreadnoughts and Motor Cars.

AS constructors of modern battleships, together with their complete armaments and equipment, we employ only men with whom minute accuracy of workmanship is a fetish. To those who know, the term "battleship" conveys a mass of delicate and intricate mechanism contained in a steel shell of colossal strength and vast proportions.

The Armstrong-Whitworth cars are produced by men who have been trained in the production of all the most delicate and most intricate mechanism that go to complete the armament and equipment of the modern Super Dreadnought.

Our latest Catalogue is full of illustrations and information descriptive of a wide range of models from 15.9 h.p. to 30.1 h.p. (R.A.C. rating). Write to-day for a copy, we are confident it will interest you greatly.

SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH & CO.,
Elswick Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne. LTD.
London: 3, Blenheim St., Bond St., W. Manchester: 114, Deansgate.

ST. ERMINS HOTEL

AT THE HEART OF LONDON.



The Most Quiet yet Most Central Position of all the large London Hotels, in close proximity to all the principal places of interest, connected by Private Corridor with St. James's Park Station, making it

CONVENIENT FOR ALL PARTS OF LONDON.

INCLUSIVE TERMS from 12/- per day.

Excellent Grill-Room. Moderate Charges. Steam Heated.
Every Modern Comfort. Bedrooms with Private Bathroom.

AFTERNOON CONCERT TEAS served in the
HANDSOMELY-APPOINTED LOUNGE.

Herr Meny's Orchestra, 4.30 till 11.

Illustrated Booklet and Tariff Post Free on application to the Manager—

ST. ERMINS HOTEL

ST. JAMES'S PARK - - LONDON, S.W.

Telephone: Victoria 5707.

Telegrams: "Erminites, London."

PARROTT & JAMES MEADOW BRAND BACON & HAMS

Always delicious—All ways. Fried or
broiled, it is a delicious, tender dish.
Substantial and wholesome.

PARROTT & JAMES' "MEADOW"
BACON & HAMS are known throughout the
world. Cured from the meat of young hogs,
the finest grown—famous for taste and
tenderness, and its celebrated savoury touch
comes from the curing and smoking. We supply
direct from the factory to the consumer.

SMOKED SIDES ... 9d. per lb.
UNSMOKED SIDES... 9d. per lb.

Rail Paid in Great Britain.
Sides weigh 46lb. each (about).

Let us mail you our Illustrated Price
List, which sets out prices and
weights of the various other joints
and table delicacies we offer. We
guarantee your satisfaction if we
handle your orders.



PARROTT & JAMES
Ham and Bacon Curers,
TEMPLE STREET, BRISTOL
(Late Rosemary Street.)

FREE INSURANCE

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, LTD.,

36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.)

COUPON - INSURANCE TICKET.

(Applicable to Passenger Trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, season ticket holder, or trader's ticket holder, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

August 20, 1913.

Signature.....

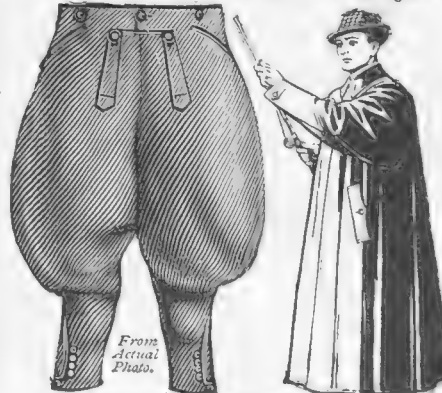
Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance Ticket but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration to

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.

HARRY HALL

"The" Coat & Breeches Specialist, & Habit Maker,
207, OXFORD ST., W. (near Oxford Circus.)
31, ELDON ST. (Liverpool Street), E.C.

Only Maker of "HALLZONE" Ideal "GOLD MEDAL"
21/- RIDING BREECHES
(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere from 2 & 3 gns.)



In Riding & Bedford Cords,
Real Harris & Scotch Tweeds,
Sheppards' Checks, & the
Famous "HALLZONE"

GARBETTE (Thorn,
Rainproofed, & Washable).
SUITS & OVERCOATS, 63/-
BEST VALUE, FIT, & STYLE

Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-Measurement Form
PATTERNS POST FREE.
VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS,
BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day.

Sole Maker of "Hallzone"
RAYNEZYSTA
COVERALL 30/-
(Exact style as sold elsewhere at 63/-).
A Stormproofed Lined
Slipover for rain or shine.
MODEL COAT, 30/-
Carr. Pd. U.K.

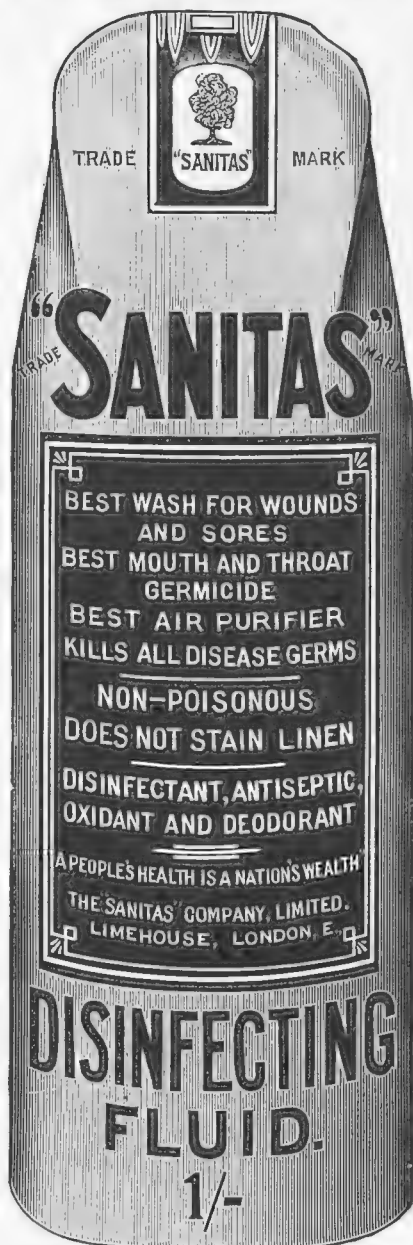


For SANITATION

ENRICHED, cool, refreshing, and purified air is at once obtained by spraying dwelling-rooms with

“SANITAS FLUID.”

As the *Lancet* says:
 “There is no factor more
 “favourable to the suc-
 “cessful invasion of the
 “human body by disease-
 “producing organisms
 “than when the air is
 “rendered stale, warm,
 “and musty.” “SANITAS
 FLUID” makes good the
 shortage of oxygen, kills
 all disease germs, and gives
 the air an exquisite fresh-
 ness. It is the best “first
 aid” and wash for wounds
 and sores, and takes first
 rank as a Mouth and
 Throat germicide, for
 which purposes it should
 be used regularly as a
 wash, and for gargling in
 cases of sore throat.



“SANITAS FLUID” is absolutely Non-poisonous, does not stain linen, and is incomparable as a wholesome preventive of infection. Added to the Bath Water, Wash Tub, Scrubbing Water; sprinkled over Sinks, Drains, Ash-bins, Yards and Stables (before swilling), and used in every w.c., it secures easy, pleasant, and effective disinfection.

Sold in 6d. and 1s. Bottles, fitted with reversible corks for sprinkling, and at 5s. per Gallon. Bellows Spray Producers, to fit the bottles, are supplied at 2s. 6d. each.

THE “SANITAS” CO., Ltd.,

(Disinfectant Manufacturers by Appointment to H.M. the King), **Limehouse, London, E.**

N.B.—Sample and Literature free on application.

WHEREVER catering exists at the highest standard, Ross's Ginger Ale is included in the list. This "Champagne of Ginger Ales" is a fitting companion for the choicest dishes, the finest spirits and the best cigars.

Belfast crystal pure well water, choice ingredients and "Ross" preparation and bottling—give to "Ross" a sparkle and piquancy that distinguish it from all other non-alcoholic drinks.

ROSS'S *Belfast Dry* Ginger Ale



"Ross" is also appreciated as a diluent for whisky.

"Ross" Soda Water possesses all the virtues of water drawn from the same Belfast well. Blends splendidly with spirits. Also often enjoyed alone.

W. A. ROSS & SONS, Ltd. (Sole Manufactory) BELFAST.

And at LONDON, GLASGOW and LIVERPOOL.

13/77



All previous performances
eclipsed
by the behaviour of
Continental Tyres
in the
GRAND PRIX DE FRANCE

Automobile Club de la Sarthe,

August 5th, 1913.

WINNER	Bablot (Delage)	on CONTINENTALS
2nd	Guyot (Delage)	on CONTINENTALS
3rd	Pilette (Mercedes)	on CONTINENTALS
4th	Salzer (Mercedes)	on CONTINENTALS
5th	Duray (Delage)	on CONTINENTALS
6th	Lautenschlager (Mercedes)	on CONTINENTALS
7th	Thomas (Schneider)	on CONTINENTALS
8th	Elskamp (Mercedes)	on CONTINENTALS

The winner's Speed of nearly 77 miles per hour for the course of $335\frac{1}{2}$ miles is a **World's Record** for long - distance road - racing, and he also made the fastest circuit at the terrific speed of 85 miles per hour—another record.

**These Records were only rendered possible by the
faultless service given by his Continental Tyres.**

CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER CO. (GT. BRITAIN), LTD.,
3/4, Thurloe Place, London, S.W.

B339

The Happy Motorist—
and the Lancia Motorist are
one. All the elements of
happiness are in the Lancia
— power, speed, quietude,
certainty, durability, re-
finement — and the arm-
chair comfort of Lancia
bodies makes driving as lux-
urious as it is exhilarating.



Two models—15 h.p. with direct
drive on third and fourth speeds,
30 h.p. chassis fully equipped
with all accessories, including
complete electric - lighting in-
stallation, Klaxon horn, speed-
ometer, etc., etc.

W. L. STEWART & CO., LTD.,
26, Albemarle St., Piccadilly, London, W.
Telegrams: "Cialanic-Piccy," London
Telephone: Regent 1641-2-3



John Pound & Co.

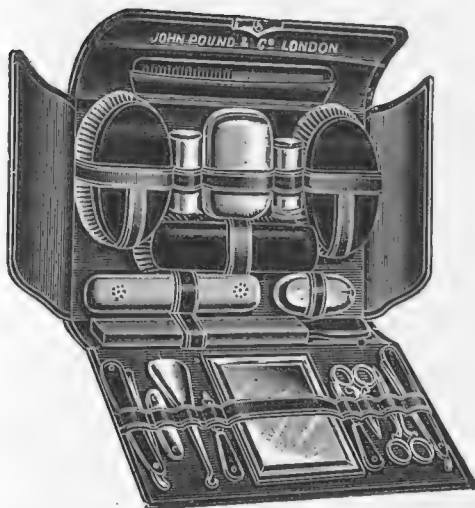
Actual Makers



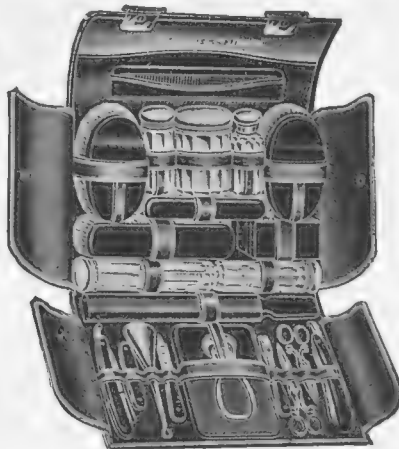
OF

DRESSING CASES, TRUNKS and BAGS and TRAVELLING REQUISITES
of every description.

The "Compactus"



No. E 458—Gentleman's Dressing Case, made of
superior Cowhide, well finished throughout.
Satinwood Brushes, | Ebony Brushes, etc.
45/- | **57/6**
With 6 Instruments. | (As illustrated.)



No. E 457—A fine example in Gentleman's Dressing
Case, made of Choice Pigskin, Ebony Brushes,
etc., and Solid Silver mounted bottles.
Price complete **£5 5 0**

Folding Dressing Case



No. E 456.
Lady's Dressing Case, made of Superior
Cowhide, lined leather, Ebony Brushes, &c.
42/-

268-270, OXFORD ST., W.
211, Regent St., W. 67, Piccadilly, W.
177-178, Tottenham Court Road, W.
243, Brompton Road, S.W.
81-84, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.

BEDFORD CARS

APPEARANCE AND SERVICE

MODELS :—
15-18 h.p. and 18-22 h.p. **PRICES** from £285 to £420. Fitted with all types of bodies and supplied with the following comprehensive equipment :—

Hood, screen, five lamps and generator, dual ignition, speedometer, two plain and two steel - studded Michelin tyres on detachable rims, jack, tyre pump, horn, tools and tyre carrier.

With Bedford English-built Coachwork fitted to the Buick chassis you get both. The highest ideas of carriage building are realised and, combined with a chassis which is famous in its reliability and long service, make the Bedford a car to choose. An owner writes :

26th July, 1913.

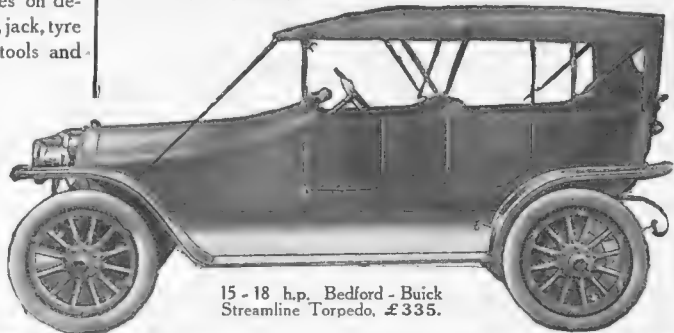
Dear Sir,—I should like to take this opportunity of telling you how thoroughly satisfied I am in every way with the car you sold me. I have had her nine months now and have driven her over 5500 miles. She does everything I ask of her, never giving me any trouble, and is exactly what I require.—Yours faithfully,

(Name on application.)

GENERAL MOTORS (Europe), LTD.,
BEDFORD HOUSE, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone—
Gerrard 9626 (3 lines).

Telegrams—
"Buickgen, London."



15-18 h.p. Bedford-Buick
Streamline Torpedo, £335.

"Manchester, 10/8/13.

"I do not think you claim anything for the Straker-Squire car to which it is not entitled."

J. Howson Ray.

"I have not any hesitation in labelling it the Rolls-Royce of the 15 h.p. class; the difference between it and some other vehicles which have been likened to the Rolls-Royce is that the latter have no cause to deprecate the comparison."—*Motor News*, March 29, 1913.

"The Car of concentration."

"A unique proposition bristling with general excellence from stem to stern."—*The Motor*, 10/6/13.

STRAKER-SQUIRE

15 ONE MODEL CHASSIS ONLY
h.p. suitable for all Types of Bodies.

(Springing gear ratio and rake of steering specially arranged to suit particular type of body fitted.)

S. STRAKER & SQUIRE, Ltd., 75-77, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

**Two champions
for long distance driving :—**

DUNLOP TYRES

AND "V" GOLF BALLS.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham;
and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.
Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.

Insist on FREEZOMINT

The Original
Crème de Menthe
Cusenier



THE IDEAL SUMMER DRINK
Freezomint, crushed ice and soda water.

There is no beverage so cooling, so wholesomely stimulating, so deliciously refreshing, on hot summer days.

DOLLOND PRISM BINOCULARS



Magnification x 8 Large Aperture.
Eyepiece focussing. Thumbscrew focussing
as illustration.

£6 0 0 £7 0 0

MADE THROUGHOUT IN THE
"DOLLOND" OPTICAL WORKS, LONDON.

Increased Magnifying Power.
Enlarged Angle of View.
Enhanced Stereoscopic Effect.
Greater Portability and
Convenience in Use.

*They can be purchased on The Times
System of 21/- with order and 15/-
Monthly until completion of payment.*

In the following countries they are only obtainable
from the undermentioned concessionaires, who
charge the nett London Prices plus the usual addition
for duty and freight.

ARGENTINE—Mappin & Webb, Ltd.
AUSTRALIA—Stewart, Dawson & Co., Ltd.
BRAZIL—Mappin & Webb, Ltd.
CEYLON—Caneills, Ltd.
EGYPT & SOUDAN—Davies Bryan & Co.
INDIA—Spencer & Co., Ltd.
JAPAN—W. M. Strachan & Co., Ltd.
NEW ZEALAND—Stewart Dawson & Co., Ltd.
SOUTH AFRICA—Lennon, Ltd.
STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—J. Little & Co., Ltd.

LONDON.—Dollond & Co.'s Branches.
223, Oxford Street, W. 95, Regent Street, W.
72, Oxford Street, W. 62, Old Broad Street, E.C.
61, Brompton Road, S.W. 2, Northumberland
35, Ludgate Hill, E.C. Avenue, W.C.
416, Strand, W.C.

Write for Catalogue No. 7, particulars of
free trial offer, and List of Agents in
British Isles.

DOLLOND & CO., Ltd.,
OPTICAL WORKS,
11, KIRBY STREET, HATTON GARDEN.

A Ripe Old Age

Every drop of John
Jameson's Whiskey has
ripened and grown
mellow in the cask
before it is bottled.
The slow years have
brought to perfection
that marvellous bouquet
which distinguishes the
finest whiskey in the
world.

**John
Jameson**
Three ★ ★ ★ Star
Whiskey

House Established 1780.



Brain Fag, Nerve Fatigue—

Mr. Kyrle-Adkins, Specialist in Voice Culture,
139, New Bond Street, W., writes:—"I have
recently been using 'Phosferine,' and I find that
not only does it relieve any feeling of mental
fatigue due to continuous teaching, but has a
beneficial effect on the voice, giving brightness
and added resonance to the tone. I shall
certainly use it from time to time, and recommend
it to my pupils."—June 9, 1913.

No other medicine has received such absolute proof of its extra-
ordinary properties in restoring Shattered Constitutions, and in
giving back to the prematurely aged New Life and Energy.

CAUTION

There is only one Phosferine—beware of illegal
imitations—do not be misled by **PHOSPH THIS**
or **PHOSPH THAT**, but get

PHOSFERINE
THE GREATEST TONIC AND DIGESTIVE.



Supplied by Royal Commands to—

The Royal Family
H.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Spain

H.M. the Queen of Spain
H.M. the late King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania, &c.



The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.



Some Indian Babies
Reared on Mellin's Food

Photographs of happy, healthy babyhood—little ones living in sunny India and Ceylon, confirming the merits and world-wide appreciation of Mellin's Food.

For every baby, in every clime, under all conditions, Mellin's Food mixed with fresh cow's milk provides the exact equivalent of healthy mother's milk. It is free from starch, and can be immediately adapted for the use of even the feeblest infant from birth. Mellin's Food is prepared instantly, requiring no cooking whatever.

Mellin's Food

A large Sample Bottle of Mellin's Food—sufficient to prove its value—and a useful 66-page Book on the Care of Infants, will be sent Free to any address. Write to-day, mentioning the name of this paper, to—
SAMPLE DEPT., MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

For
Distance or Reading

'Fairy' Rimless Glasses combine that optical skill and scientific perfection invariably associated with the name 'Dollond,' and in addition the charm of extreme lightness and elegance, real comfort, and practical invisibility.

'Fairy' Rimless Glasses adjust themselves firmly on the nose and retain their position. They add lustre to the eyes, charm to the expression, and enhance the beauty of the whole facial appearance.

'Fairy'

RIMLESS EYEGLASSES

Write for 'Fairy' Book. By post. FREE.

'UNI-BIFO' Lenses.—Two-sighted lenses for both distance and reading, ground out of one solid piece of glass, and more scientifically accurate than any other form. 'UNI-BIFO' LUXE Lenses combined with the 'Fairy' mount is the ideal eye-aid.

See the name 'Fairy' stamped under the bridge.

DOLLOND & CO., LTD.,
OPTICIANS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT,
35, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 62, Old Broad Street;
72, Oxford Street; 223, Oxford Street;
416, Strand; 2, Northumberland Avenue;
61, Brompton Road; 95, Regent Street.
Works: 11, Kirby Street,
Hatton Garden, E.C.

ZONE SALT

The Remedy for Rheumatism

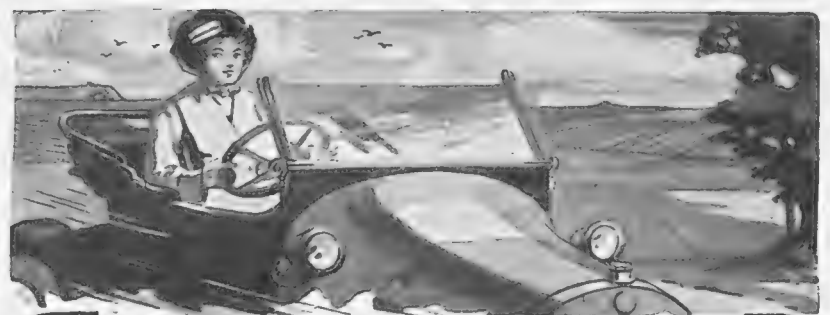
This natural and sparkling tonic is a quick solvent of uric acid deposits, relieving the most obstinate cases of Rheumatism and Gout, and, with regular use, effecting a permanent cure. All the most valuable medicinal properties of Europe's leading Spas are combined in Zone Salt to a prescription known and approved by doctors. For cleansing the system it is unrivalled, its beneficial action upon the liver being especially marked.

Diabetics may take Zone Salt; It is Sugarless

"The Practitioner" says: "Value and usefulness unquestionable."

Of Chemists and Druggists. 1/6 or P.O. 1/9 direct to:
T. KERFOOT & CO. (Dept. 9 D),
The Garden Factories, Bardsley Vale, LANCs.

Prepare in the same way as an ordinary effervescent draught.



PRESERVE YOUR COMPLEXION

There is nothing that will benefit your complexion after a day in the wind and sun like a wash with PALMOLIVE. PALMOLIVE is a special kind of complexion soap made from Palm and Olive oils—it nourishes, cleanses and preserves the skin.

To apply soap containing free alkali to the face when the skin is tender, means irritation and inflammation.

PALMOLIVE contains no free alkali—no artificial colouring—no pungent perfume—its soothing effect is unmistakable.

A newly born babe can safely be washed with PALMOLIVE.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the chemists for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps with name and address.

THE B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.,
124, Holborn, London, E.C.



Melanyl

INDELIBLE

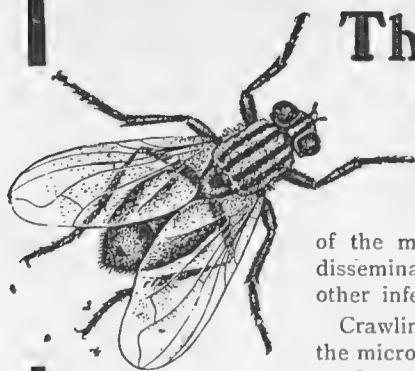
Marking Ink

NO HEATING REQUIRED

OF ALL STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES
NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE
NICKEL LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH 1/- SIZE

COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD
7 & 9 ST BRIDE STREET
LONDON E.C.

62 & 1/- BOTTLES



The deadly House-Fly

This domestic pest is now recognised by scientists as one of the most important factors in the dissemination of infantile diarrhoea and other infectious diseases.

Crawling over food, and depositing the microbes gathered from the unclean products of nature, the house-fly is too often the winged messenger of death.

Protect your home against this vehicle of deadly disease by disinfecting all household utensils and all manure heaps, etc., with

Jeyes' Fluid

Add it to water used for washing floors and sanitary appointments. Cleanse sinks, drains, lavatories, etc., every day with Jeyes' Fluid.

Sprinkle it freely in dark corners, crevices, etc., where flies breed, and thus destroy the larvæ before they develop into flies. For all disinfecting purposes use Jeyes' Fluid.

Remember that flies dislike Jeyes' Fluid, and will instantly vacate places where it is used.

By Royal Warrants of Appointment during three Reigns.

To H.M. King George.



To H.M. Queen Alexandra.

JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS Co., Ltd.,
64, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.



Be careful of what you drink. Instead of "heavy" drinks like beer and spirits, choose a drink that is light and refreshing—one that is healthful instead of injurious. Choose "Whiteway's Cyder," the English wine that is supplied to many members of the Royal Family, the Aristocracy, both Houses of Parliament, etc.

Whiteway's WHIMPLE Cyder

Whiteway's Cyder is the drink for YOU. It is pure apple juice, free from adulterants and preservatives. Nothing but the finest vintage apples are used in its production, hence both sparkling and still Cyder in bottle possess the characteristics of imported wine, but at prices which are considerably lower.

CYDER FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM.

"Whiteway's WOODBINE BLEND Cyder" is specially prepared and strongly recommended by the highest medical authorities. Read this letter:—"The dry Cyder you sent me was just to my palate. Apart from that fact, I found it not merely an antidote, but an absolute cure for rheumatism and goutiness that I have been suffering from for over two years."

"Whiteway's Cyders" can be obtained of leading dealers everywhere. Write for booklet, "Links with the Past," which contains full particulars and price list.

H. WHITEWAY & CO., LTD.,
9, The Orchards, Whimble, Devon, or
Dept. H, Pomona House, Albert Embankment, S.W.

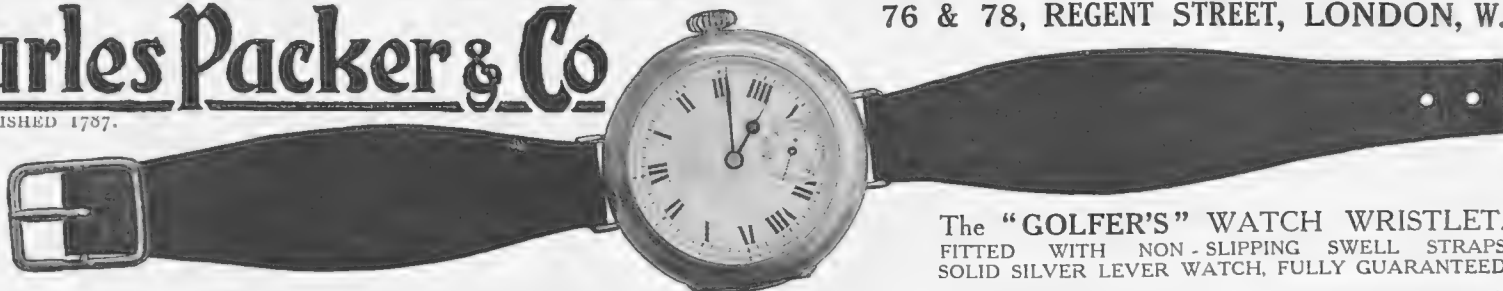


Charles Packer & Co

ESTABLISHED 1787.

£1 10 0

Post Free



76 & 78, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

The "GOLFER'S" WATCH WRISTLET.
FITTED WITH NON-SLIPPING SWELL STRAPS
SOLID SILVER LEVER WATCH, FULLY GUARANTEED

MARICH CIGARETTES

The Standard of Luxury in Smoking: made from the purest Turkish Tobacco. Their exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.

A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these famous Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a Postal order (or stamps) for 1/6, and mentioning this paper.



Smoked by Royalty.

Supplied to many of the leading Naval & Military Messes and Clubs.

100 sent post free for 7/-

V. MARICH & CO. (MALTA)
(Dept. S), Billiter Buildings, LONDON, E.C.

Ideal for Floors & Lino

JACKSON'S
Wax Polish

Free sample & booklet from Works,
Malt Street, Old Kent Road, S.E.

By Special

Appointment.

AQUASCUTUM

Regd.

The **ALL-WOOL WATERPROOF**,
From 3 Gns.

For **SHOOTING, GOLFING** and
all **OUTDOOR WEAR**.

An unequalled selection of

**SHOOTING,
SPORTING,
MOTORING and
TRAVELLING COATS**

always in stock
ready for immediate wear.

The Aquascutum Shooting Coat.

Please write for Patterns and catalogue "J."

AQUASCUTUM LTD. 100 REGENT STREET LONDON W.

"BARRI" MATERNITY GOWNS

Royal Letters Patent
(Unobtainable elsewhere.)



Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Many Designs for Day or Evening Wear. Prices from 6 Guineas.

Afternoon Gown with coat effect. The skirt is of dull "smoke-blue" satin, and coat of ninon the same shade, finished with collar of ivory lace. The underbodice is of net, with tiny buttons and cords of dead gold.

Price 14 Gns.

MATERNITY CORSETS AND LAYETTES A SPECIALITY.

For Catalogue apply — **BARRI**, 72, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.

"A BEAUTIFUL FACE AND NOT A WRINKLE."

Marvellous New Discovery Makes Wrinkles Disappear in a Night, and Wonderfully Enhances Beauty.

Apply this wonderful treatment for two minutes at 11 p.m., then go to bed. Get up at 7 a.m. Lo! the Magic Transformation. "It has completely removed that multitude of lines and wrinkles which I carried for nearly twenty years, and I am sixty years of age," writes Mrs. J. H. Boylan.

No plasters, massage, masks, straps, cold creams, or steaming-pots, but a marvellous new discovery that raises the wrinkle and puts it on a level with the surrounding skin. It also raises the flesh underneath the wrinkle, and treats the flesh so that it quickly becomes hard and firm. Smooths out trouble wrinkles, wrinkles of age, wrinkles caused by frowning and squinting, wrinkles of almost any kind anywhere. Many say it has made them look ten to twenty-five years younger. Women of fifty and even sixty years of age say it has most astonishingly restored them to youth as far as appearances go. I fooled them all and took my own wrinkles out

with this wonderful discovery after beauty specialists had failed to dome any good, and to-day my friends say I have a beautiful face and not a wrinkle. In any event, I have no wrinkles, notwithstanding the fact that

I am a hard-working business woman with great responsibilities. Accounts of my wonderful discovery have appeared in so many newspapers throughout the country that I have been fairly deluged with letters from women asking for information in regard to the treatment. My time is so occupied that I cannot answer all with a personally written letter. I have, therefore, had a small folder printed, which I shall be pleased to send absolutely free to anyone interested. Please do not send

money, except a penny stamp for postage, as I am glad to give this information to you without charge. Address, Eleanor Lawton (Room 24 A), 197, Regent Street, London, W., and free information will be sent you in sealed envelope.



To see how wrinkles add to a woman's age, place a white card over half of this photo, and compare it with the other half.

Beauty Collection.

CUTTINGS FROM BEAUTY ARTICLES.
THE CREAM OF MODERN BEAUTY ADVICE.

Oxygen to Remove Bad Complexions

"Useful Hints."

Oxygen has the peculiar faculty of destroying waste matter in the body without affecting healthy tissues in the slightest degree. Sallow, blotchy and lifeless complexions are caused by the accumulation of waste matter which adheres stubbornly to the surface of the skin. The most practical way to apply oxygen to this waste matter is to use mercolized wax, such as may be obtained at the chemist shops. It should be rubbed well into the skin for several nights and washed off in the mornings, like cold cream. In contact with the skin, it releases oxygen, and thus clears the skin of the disfiguring waste matter. It is perfectly harmless, pleasant to use and, indeed, very beneficial as a skin food. * * * To bring a natural red colour to the lips, rub them with a soft stick of prolactum. * * * For tired, hot and perspiring feet, use a teaspoonful of powdered onalite in a foot bath.

Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.

"Toilet Gossip."

How to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered pheninol, obtainable from the chemist, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely. * * * The natural allacite of orange blossoms makes a capital greaseless face cream. It holds the powder perfectly, and the natural odour of this product is, of course, most delightful. Many of the smartest women are now using it exclusively, because it does not encourage a growth of hair on the face. * * * The annoying body odour sometimes resulting from perspiration can be instantly neutralised by the occasional application of powdered (white) pergol.

"Wavy" Shampoos.

"Homely Hints."

Few people know that stallax can be used as a shampoo and is far better than anything else for the purpose. It seems to have a natural affinity for the hair, leaving it very glossy, fluffy, and with a pronounced natural "wave." A teaspoonful of stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient. Genuine stallax comes to the chemist only in sealed tins, a quantity sufficient to make up twenty-five or thirty separate shampoos. The indescribable lustre it imparts to the hair is quite inimitable. * * * For an actual hair-grower nothing equals pure boranium. It is quite harmless, and sets the hair roots tingling with new life. * * * The use of rouge is almost always obvious, but powdered collindum gives a perfectly natural colour and defies detection.

Home Beauty Aids.

"Household Hints."

A persistently shiny nose or a dull, lifeless complexion drives many a woman to cosmetics and consequent despair. And all the time a simple remedy lies at hand in the home. If you have no clemite in the house you need only get about an ounce from your chemist and add just sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this simple lotion is Nature's own beautifier. It is very good for the skin and instantly gives the complexion a soft, velvety youthful bloom that any woman might envy. It lasts all day or evening, renders powdering entirely unnecessary, and absolutely defies detection. * * * To make the eyelashes grow long, dark, and curling, apply a little mennaline with the finger-tips occasionally. It is absolutely harmless and beautifies the eyebrows as well. * * * Pileta soap is the most satisfactory for all complexions. It even works well in cold or hard water.



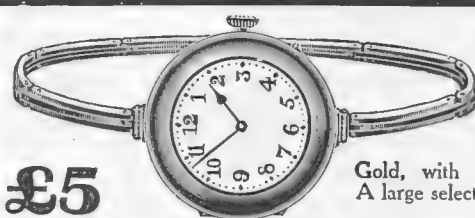
Test it Free

Send to-day for Free Supply of Icilma Cream, and rub the smallest possible quantity into the skin — then look in the mirror. Notice the immediate improvement, the softness and smoothness which even this first application gives — and remember that only consistent use of this famous non-greasy toilet preparation is necessary to keep the skin in perfect condition. The only toilet cream in the world containing Icilma Natural Water.

Icilma CREAM

1/- and 1/9 per pot, everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

A FREE SAMPLE. Send post-card for Free Sample to ICILMA COMPANY (Dept. 22), 39, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.



WATCH BRACELETS.

Inexpensive, but accurate.

Adjustable to any size wrist.

Gold, with lever movement, as illustrated.

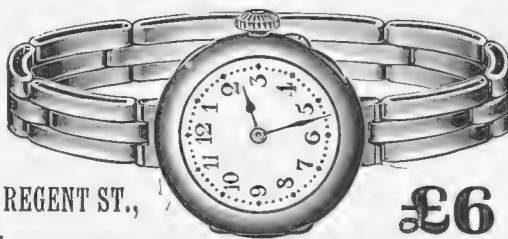
A large selection of all patterns and qualities from £5 to £50

£5

SIR JOHN BENNETT, Ltd.,

make a speciality of Watch Bracelets in every form, and hold the largest and choicest stock in London, and supply the public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices.

Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, and Silver Goods, complete with every novelty, sent free per post on application to



65, CHEAPSIDE, & 105, REGENT ST., LONDON.

£6

LINENS

TABLE & BED LINEN.

Damask Table Cloths, 2 by 2 yards, each 4/11
Ditto, 2 by 2½ yards ... each 6/3
Damask Table Napkins, 2½ by 2½ in. From ... per doz. 5/11
Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2 by 3 yards ... per pair 17/5
Ditto, 2½ by 3 yards ... per pair 22/8
Hemstitched Pillow Cases, to match, 20 by 30 in. ... per pair 1/-
Hemstitched Huckaback Towels, per doz. 12/3
With Damask Borders ... per doz. 16/5
Embroidered Linen Bedspreads, 2½ by 3 yards ... each 18/9; 23/-
Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

No. 50. — Gentlemen's Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, about 18½ in. square, with ½-in. hems ... per doz. 5/3
No. 51. — Ladies' Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, about 12½ in. square, with 3-16th in. hems ... per doz. 2/11

COLLARS FOR MEN.

"CASTLE" COLLARS are our own make throughout, faced with Linen woven in our Banbridge factory, per doz. 5/11
Sample Collar, Post Free, 6d.

Robinson & Cleaver

40, G. DONEGALL PLACE, BELFAST

Also at LONDON and LIVERPOOL.

Keep Your Hands Soft and White



Cuticura Soap And Ointment

Treatment: On retiring, soak the hands in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old loose gloves during the night.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. Sample of each with 32-p. book free from nearest depot: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., Boston, U.S.A.

ELEY CARTRIDGES

You can obtain from your Gunmaker Eley Cartridges in **PEGAMOID WATERPROOF** and other qualities, loaded by the Gunmaker or by Eley, with any standard powder, including—

**AMBERITE
BALLISTITE
COOPPAL**



**EMPIRE
LIGHTNING
MULLERITE
RED STAR**

**SCHULTZE
SMOKELESS DIAMOND**
or (Eley loaded only)

**ELEY (33 gr.)
SMOKELESS
ELEY (42 gr.)
SMOKELESS**

Sole Manufacturers:

**ELEY BROS. LTD.,
LONDON.**

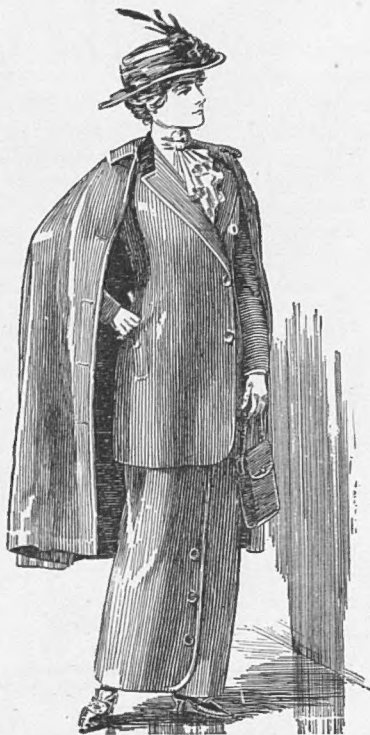
BURBERRY DRESS

For Sport, Travel, Town and Country.

BURBERRY MODELS are thoroughly practical, and at the same time delightfully *chic* and becoming. Elegance and distinction are so subtly combined with simplicity and efficient protection that a Burberry Gown, Top-coat or Hat invariably fits the occasion, whether it be for sport, travel, town or country.

**WEATHERPROOF
AIRYLIGHT
HYGIENIC
DISTINGUISHED**

BURBERRY CLOTHS are rendered faultless safeguards against rain, mist and cold by the scientific conjunction of Burberry Weave and Proof. The range of materials includes an immense variety of fabrics no less remarkable for originality of patterns and beauty of colourings than they are for weather-resistance.



Burberry Cape and Gown.

An elegant and protective equipment. Burberry artists excel in designing correct models for special occasions, and in adding distinction to the "tout ensemble."



The Burberry.

Enhances every out-door pleasure which involves exposure to wet or cold. Air-free and easy-fitting, it banishes fatigue and is delightfully cool in hot weather.

When buying Burberry see that—
The label says Burberry,
The bill says Burberry.



Burberry Travel Gown.

Simple, graceful, in exquisite taste, and unequalled for comfort, yet charmingly becoming. Made from artistic materials which sun or rain cannot injure.

NEW CATALOGUE

Illustrated with drawings of the Autumn models—Topcoats, Gowns and Hats—and patterns of Burberry Materials.

POST FREE ON REQUEST.

BURBERRYS Haymarket S.W. LONDON
Boul. Malesherbes PARIS and Provincial Agents



After the morning dip use

ANZORA CREAM

"nice to use, not messy, nor greasy" says "London Opinion" and keeps men's hair quite neat and tidy.

MASTERS THE HAIR.

Should be in every man's holiday kit. Keeps the careful partings and formation of the morning throughout the day.

Price 1/6 (2/6 double quantity), per bottle.

OF CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS, STORES, &c.

The ANZORA CO.,

213T, High Road, Kilburn, N.W.

After Sea Bathing—
Rough Towellings,
Refractory Hair.
The Remedy—ANZORA.



OMEGA

The Watch of matchless merit
Price One Guinea and upwards, at all leading watchmakers



CHOOSE the Red Dwarf Stylo because it writes with *greater ease* and speed than any other writing implement. This handy little pocket pen is always ready to write and write well. It glides quickly over any writing surface without scratching, blotting or spluttering.

Of all good stationers, or post free from

J. KEARNEY & CO.,

47, Dale Street,
LIVERPOOL

Beware of Imitations.

Red Dwarf STYLOGRAPH



CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP 6D PER BALL

is the best carpet cleaner in the world. It removes ink, grease, and all dirt from carpets and woollen fabrics. A damp cloth—a little Chivers' Soap—a carpet like new without taking it up. Sample rd. stamp. F. Chivers & Co., Ltd., 32, Albany Wks., Bath. Over 50 years' success.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Opening Door."

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN.
(Ward, Lock, and Co.)

All roads lead to Rome, and just now all novels, it would seem to the habitual novel-reader, lead to some flourishes on a crude but constant cry. "Votes for Women" is the universal refrain that is raised nowadays. Here are two books which open like George Moore's memorable "Drama in Muslin," with the last chapter of school life, and the first of responsible womanhood. "After school—what?" sounds, as a Suffragist in the first story exclaimed, "like one of those silly old boiled-down questions that pop into the mind or a magazine article," and yet it is a question which every girl has to answer personally during her teens. Both heroines of these two novels ask it themselves consciously, and both are sure it must be something very serious. Hope, of "The Opening Door," was an American. Her grandparent had acquired a marble Athene for his front hall, and, not content with her striking physical resemblance to its beauty, or perhaps actuated by it, she came to believe that it was for her to interpret the unmade movement of the mutilated arms towards some unattained and hitherto unattainable joy or wonder. Her mind served its first apprenticeship to a young anarchist. Later, however, frightened of watchwords and causes, she fled motherless to London: only to find there Peers and Peeresses in the same revolutionary feminine box as old Aunt Alice King. "Tell me, Lord Mallow," she asked breathlessly, "do you believe in Woman Suffrage?" Whereupon Lord Mallow treated her to a witty and gallant statement of his feelings. Therefore, despite all disillusion and timidities, the Pillar Athene pose, as her school friends had

been wont to term her young, dreamy earnestness, returned upon her. The disastrously joyful end of that epoch must remain for the reader's enjoyment—the reader of the book and not the review. As also the solution which Hope discovered all for herself of the marble Athene attitude. It suited her to such perfection, and also a certain masculine person, that the last page is the sunniest of a bright and charming story.

"Miss King's Profession."

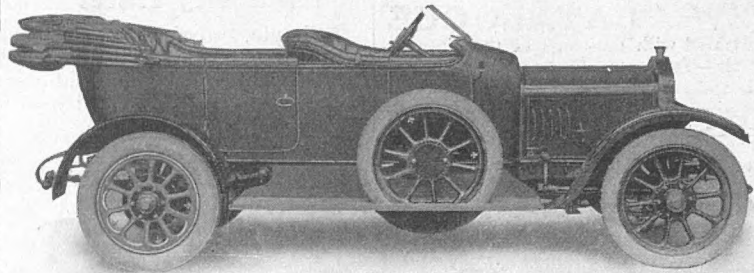
By B. M. CHANNON.
(Mills and Boon.)

"Miss King's Profession" flies neither so high nor so far as "The Opening Door." Miss King leaves her school with the English Essay Prize, and retires to the bosom of an admiring family who approve the capital letter she affixes to her Work. Domesticity and a frantic struggle for fame are contrasted in two sisters; while a certain friend, one Sarah, depicts the real literary element, and proves herself a grotesque Brontë of genius. Miss King ran the gauntlet of all the publishing tricks and of inconsequent reviewers, only to find that inspiration had dried up with her first story. Even that, she realised at last, had never been really her own. So, as she discovered its source in the young Rector of her parish, as she also discovered in him the literary hero of her life (hitherto hidden under a *nom-de-guerre*), she very wisely, at the second opportunity, burnt her boats—or rather, her manuscript—in favour of domestic slavery as a Rector's wife. Thus both these young heroines (Hope, of "The Opening Door," and Miss King), though the first was a wise virgin and the second a very foolish one, found the domestic plane to be the real one for them. And it remained to Hope, who had always shirked the career idea, actually to find one there.

The real proof of SINGER Reliability

lies not so much in any single performance as in the massed victories achieved—the splendid total of important contests won by Singer Cars, with such impressive regularity, every season for the last five years.

And that these tests, surrounded by the most strenuous conditions, have been made with standard Singer-built cars, is the strongest of all assurances that you may absolutely rely on "Singer Service."



The 20 h.p.
5-seater Singer
Illustrated.

We have a few for immediate
delivery, fitted and equipped
as shown:
Long Wheelbase, £495
Short Wheelbase, £485

The car is beautifully sprung and abundantly roomy, with flush sides and wide doors—a perfect study in comfort.

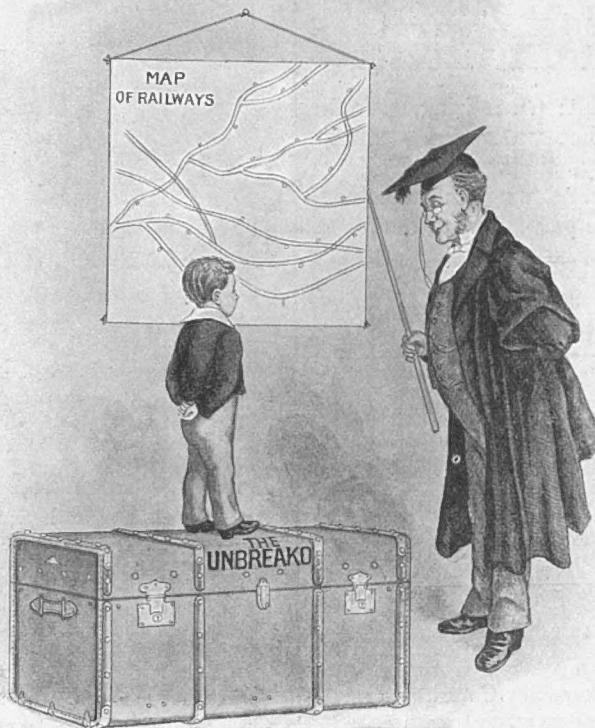
Singer Motor Co.,
Ltd., Coventry.

London Agents:
Singer & Co., Ltd.,
17, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
With a character of its own
TRY IT
Sold the world over

LONDON OFFICE - 20 COCKSPUR STREET LONDON. S.W.



SCHOOLMASTER: Tell me—where is the GRAND TRUNK?
SMALL BOY: Please Sir, I'm standing on it.

To be obtained from Army and Navy Co-operative Society, Westminster; D. H. Evans & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, W.; A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn; J. Shoolbred & Co., Tottenham Court Road; William Whiteley, Ltd., Bayswater, and all dealers.

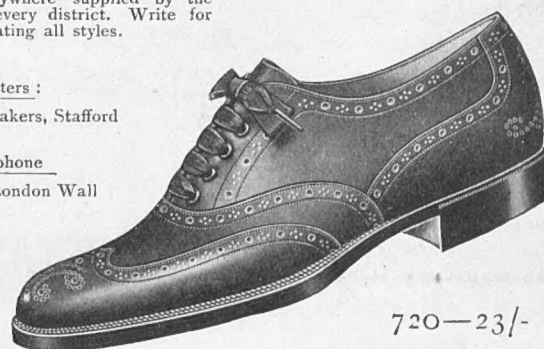
Wholesale only: **23, FEATHERSTONE ST., LONDON, E.C.**
WRITE FOR PAMPHLET OF POINTS.

LOTUS

Very handsome black or brown golf shoes for men. Cut from carefully selected leathers and splendidly made. In stock ready for immediate wear: easy to get anywhere—supplied by the best shops in every district. Write for catalogue illustrating all styles.

Letters:
Lotus Shoe Makers, Stafford

Telephone
No. 6989 London Wall



720—23/-

Lotus Agents everywhere

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco



Your hospitable man with a bias for the best tobacco smokes "Three Nuns" and would have his friends smoke it too. This genial, sunny mixture is the one thing needful to complete the enjoyment of a quiet day's pleasure.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

Both are obtainable everywhere at **6½d.** per oz.

THREE NUNS CIGARETTES

MEDIUM

3d. FOR 10

No. 283.

Fry's

Chocolates

make instant appeal to discriminating judges of fine Confections. They are made from the finest ingredients throughout, after rigorously careful selection, the varieties present a delightful appearance, and are beautifully boxed. FRY'S Fancy and Royal boxes are offerings of refinement. They have won more awards than any others.

**Makers to
H.M. the KING**



You can't possibly know how easy and pleasant the mechanical part of writing can be made until you get acquainted with the "SWAN." It is a comfort and joy to the user, for the easy, gliding motion of the smooth gold nib lends itself to all forms of calligraphy, and saves hand-fatigue; the feed gives an even supply of ink always, and writes to the last drop. Once get the "SWAN" habit—it is easily acquired—and you won't go back to steel pens and inkpots again.

Sold by all High-class Stationers & Jewellers.

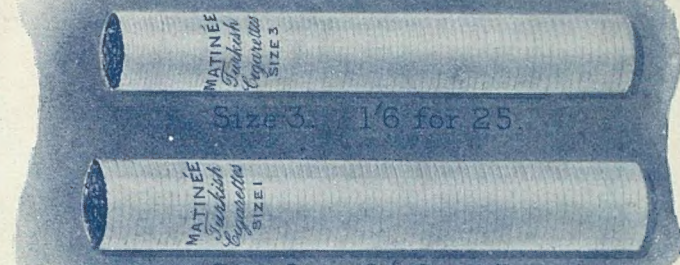
Prices: Safety Pattern from 12/6
Standard Pattern from 10/6 to £20

MABIE, TODD & CO.
79 & 80, High Holborn,
LONDON, W.C.

38, Cheapside, E.C., 95A, Regent
St., London, W.; 3, Exchange
St., Manchester; 37, Ave. de
l'Opera, Paris; 10, Rue Neuve,
Brussels; and at New York,
Chicago, Toronto, and Sydney.

Booklet free on request.

"SWAN" INK
is free from sediment,
does not clog and is
non-corrosive. 6d.
and 1s. with filler.



COOL
FRAGRANT
PURE

MATINÉE

HIGH GRADE
TURKISH
CIGARETTES

OF ALL HIGH-CLASS TOBACCONISTS

WEST END DEPOT:
WHITMORE & BAYLEY, 163A PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Star

SAFETY RAZOR

The IDEAL RAZOR
for the HOLIDAYS

Absolutely the finest shaving device ever
placed before the public.

The first Safety Razor—made since 1875, and for
quality still the first and foremost in 1913.

THE VALUE IS
IN THE BLADE.

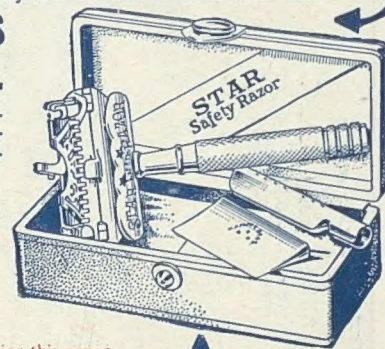
The heart of the old style hand-
forged razor—same as your grandfather
used—made safe for shaving. Every Star
Blade is good for 20 years' wear.

Send at once for "Star" Set, as illustrated,
with silver-plated knurled handle, in velvet-
lined case. Post free on receipt of P.O.

7/6

MARKT & CO. (Ldn.), Ltd.,
100, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON,
Or any high-class cutlery store.

Mention this paper.



These are Facsimilies
of our Celebrated



OSCAR SUTTON'S
TOOTH BRUSH
PRICE 1/-

AND



OSCAR SUTTON & CO PRESTON

1/4 OS TOOTH BLOCK 1/4

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

Armed with these weapons you defy the
ravages of caries and can preserve your teeth.
Both are made with the best skill and materials.

*Refuse cheap substitutes
which are always worthless*

If you have any difficulty in obtaining our goods, we will supply you.

OSCAR SUTTON & Co., 7, Falkland St., PRESTON